

MARVEL

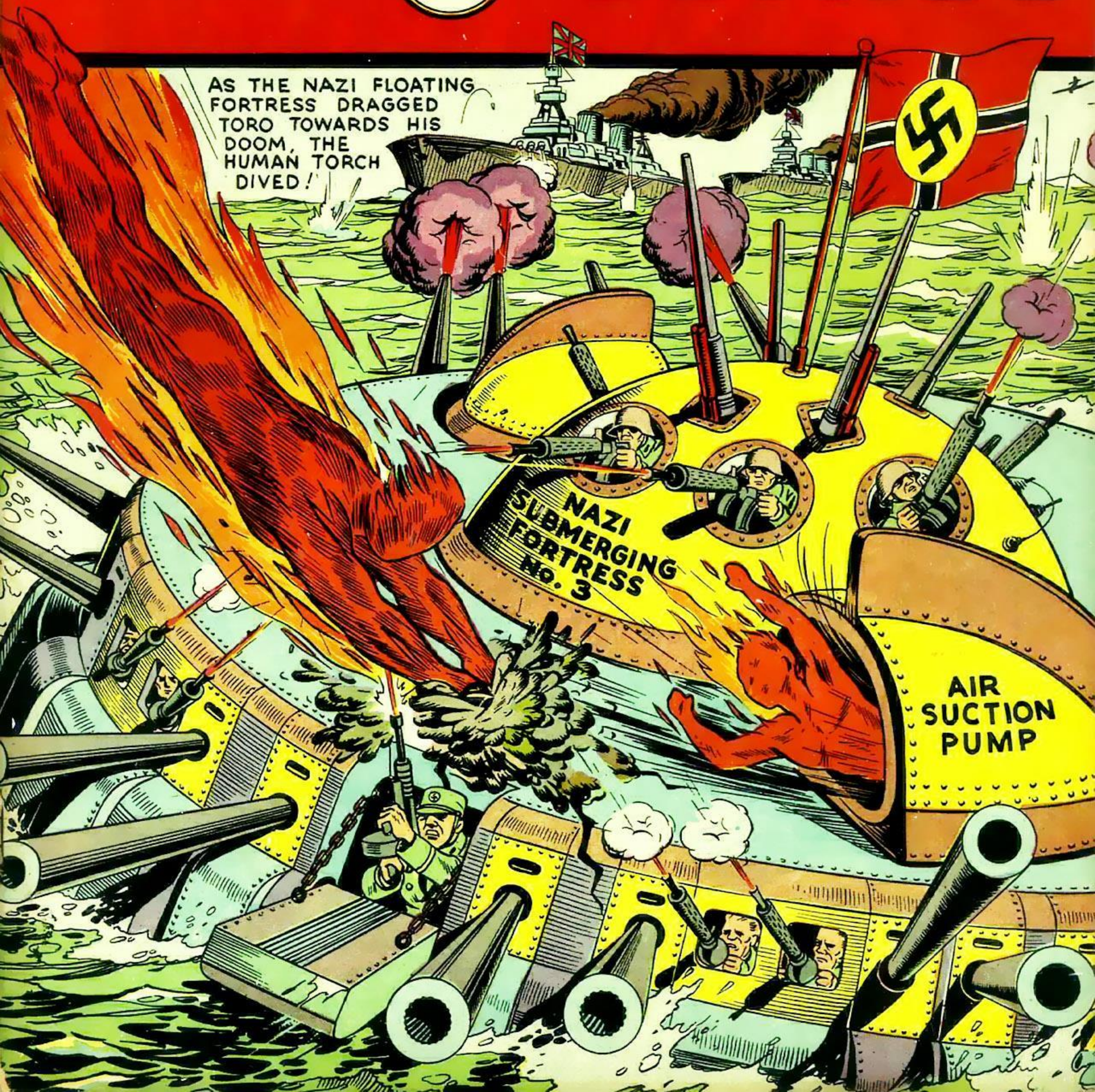
JULY

No. 21

10¢

COMICS

MYSTERY



MARVEL

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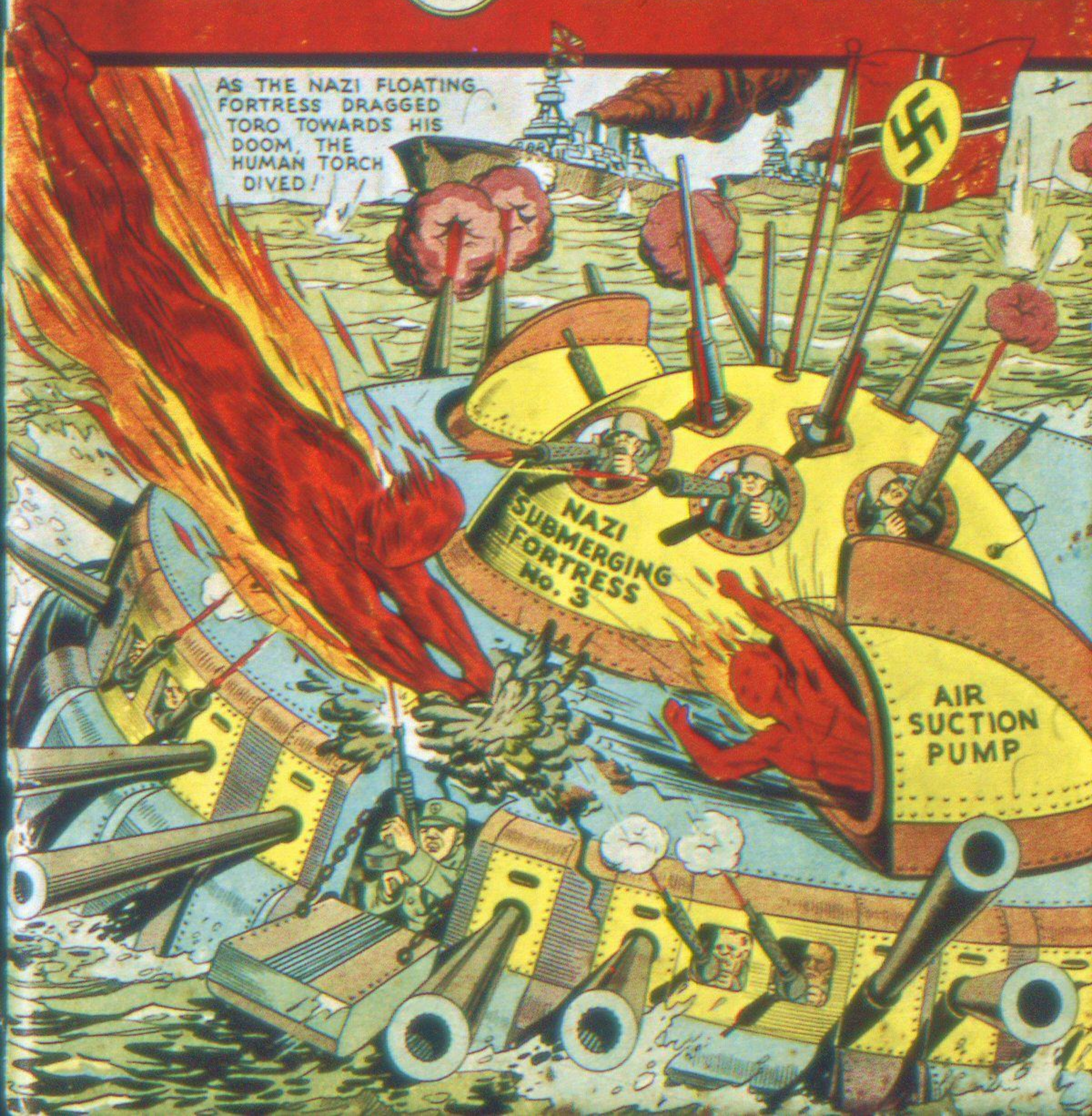
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COMICS

MYSTERY

AS THE NAZI FLOATING
FORTRESS DRAGGED
TORO TOWARDS HIS
DOOM, THE
HUMAN TORCH
DIVED!



BIG, ALL NEW *Smashing* COMIC BOOK

ALL WINNERS

QUARTERLY NO. 1

One BIGGEST VALUE IN
COMIC BOOK HISTORY!

FEATURING: THE GREATEST HEROES EVER ASSEMBLED.....
ALL IN ONE BOOK!! ----



The
**HUMAN
TORCH**
and
TORO



The
**SUB-
MARINER**



**CAPTAIN
AMERICA
AND
BUCKY**



The
**BLACK
MARVEL**



**THE
ANGEL**

ON SALE
MAY 20th

10¢

DON'T MISS THIS
BIG ISSUE!

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THE NEW
 1941
 COMICS, Inc.
 AT NUMBER
 03.

and
TORO
the
FLAMING KID

EXTRA

The IDOL OF DEATH
by CARL BURGOS

PRINCE ITOR ON
VISIT TO U.S.A.

AT THAT MOMENT...IN
ANOTHER PART OF
NEW YORK---

OF COURSE IT'S
YOUR IDOL...BUT WHY
DID YOU BREAK THE
NEWS TO THE PAPERS
BEFORE SHIPPING IT
TO US? IT'S NOT
SAFE NOW!

HELLO, CROWLEY? JARVIS
SPEAKING! YOU'VE READ THE
PAPERS? GOOD...GET THIS--
I WANT THAT IDOL...AND I
DON'T CARE HOW YOU GET
IT! BUT WATCH OUT FOR
THE TORCH!

INSIDE THE DIRECTOR'S ROOM AT THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM, MISTER NELSON BELLOWS OVER THE PHONE!

WHILE IN NEW JERSEY, THE TORCH AND TORO PLUMMET FROM THE SKY IN FRONT OF A MANSION SURROUNDED BY STATE TROOPERS!

WOW/MR. MORRISON CERTAINLY HAS PROTECTION FOR HIS IDOL! THINK HE'LL SEE US, TORCH?

HE HAS NO ALTERNATIVE!

THE FLAME MASTERS SUBDUED THEIR BLAZING BODIES, AND RACE FOR THE HOUSE!

IT'S THE TORCH AND TORO! LET THEM PASS!

MR. MORRISON? HUH?

...YES... OH, THE TORCH! WH--?

WE JUST DROPPED IN TO TELL YOU THAT PRINCE ITOR ARRIVED THIS MORNING! DOES THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

PRINCE ITOR?! JUMPIN' MUMMIES! ...THIS IDOL HAS A LEGEND ABOUT HIS FAMILY TREE AND IF--ER--

IF WHAT, MR. MORRISON?

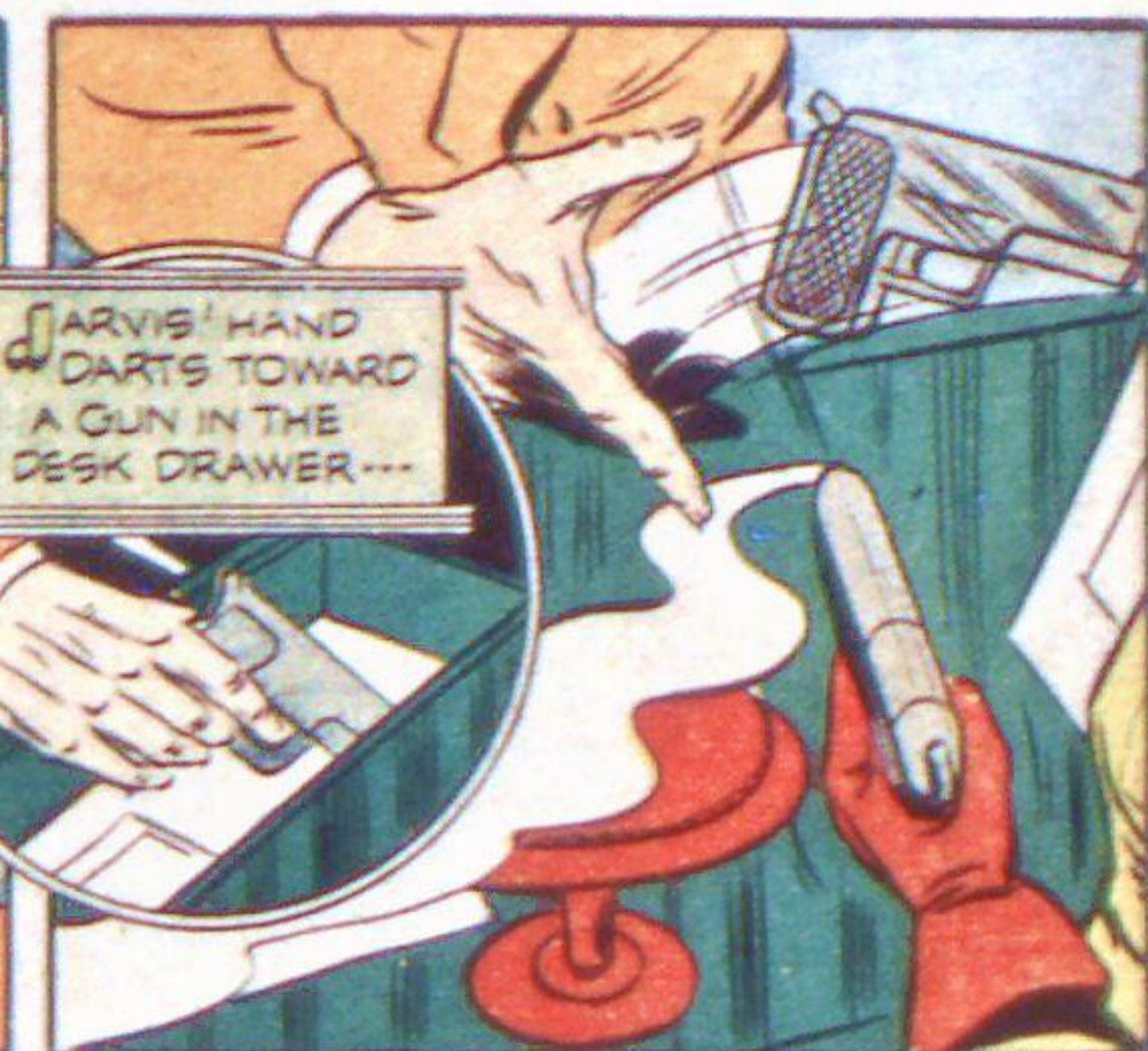
JUST THIS! ACCORDING TO ANCIENT STORIES, THIS IDOL WILL RESTORE THE VAST POWERS OF THE PHARAOHS WHEN IN THE HANDS OF AN ITOR THE POWERS WOULD MAKE OUR MODERN DICTATORS LOOK CHILDISH!

BEG PARDON-- BUT THE MUSEUM MESSENGER IS HERE!

ER--VERY WELL! TELL HIM TO WAIT!

TORCH, WHAT AM I TO DO? THIS IDOL SPELLS TROUBLE, WITH PRINCE ITOR IN TOWN!

IF YOU ASK ME, OTHERS ARE INTERESTED IN THIS PRICELESS GEM, FOR THE MONETARY VALUE--WAIT! I'VE A PLAN! LISTEN!



WHILE, IN NEW JERSEY, THE TORCH'S PLAN IS PUT INTO ACTION --- THE MUSEUM'S ARMORED CAR, ESCORTED BY POLICE, SPEEDS TOWARD NEW YORK!



AS THE TORCH AND TORO WING BEHIND THE STRANGE CARGO ---



SO FAR, SO GOOD!

I'VE A HUNCH SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN, TORO!

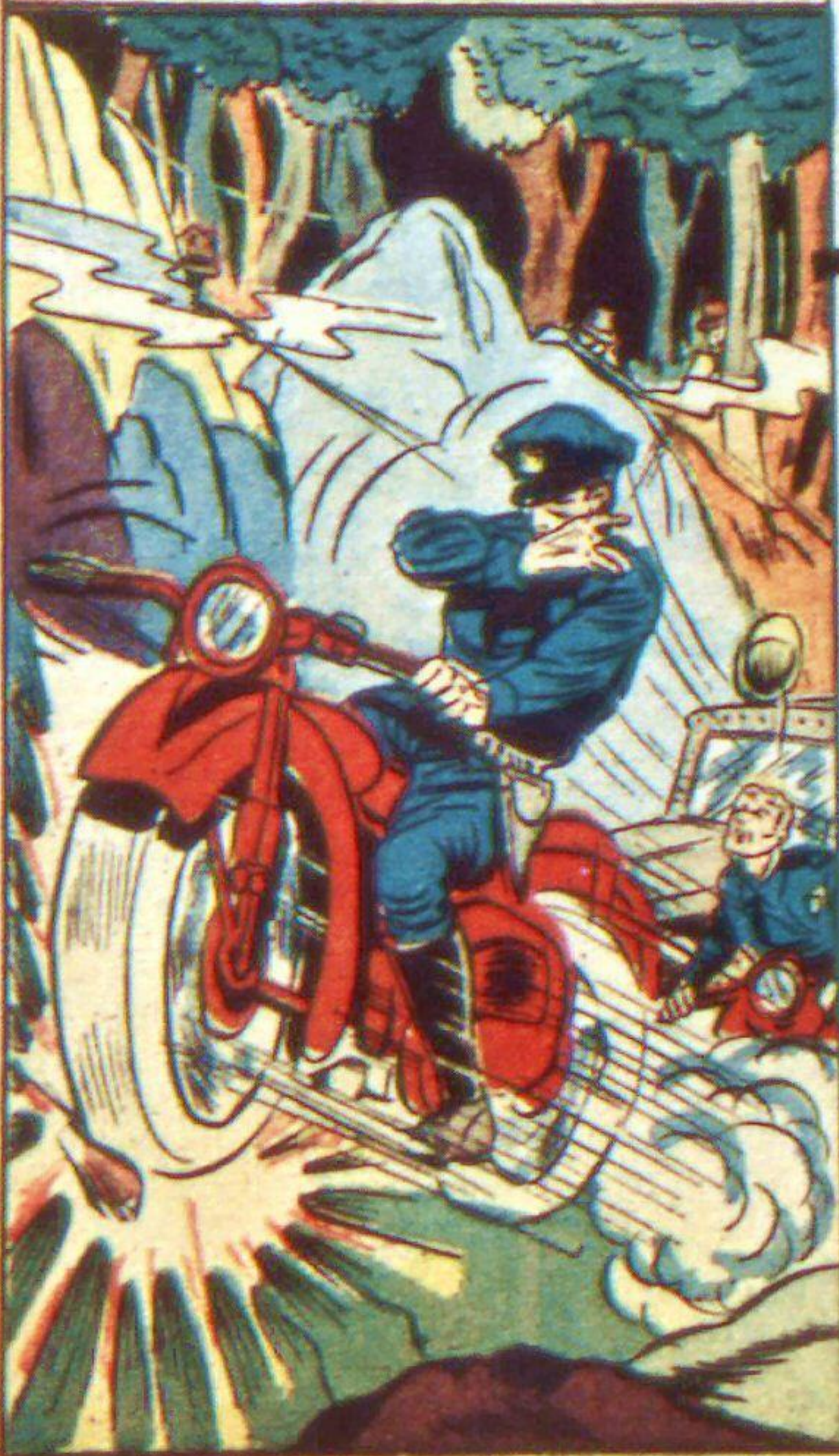
LATER, IN A LOOKOUT'S NEST ---

THE TRUCK JUST PASSED CROWLEY!



PERFECT! WE'LL BE WAITING FOR THEM!

AS THE TRUCK REACHES A NATURAL ROCK FORMATION, UNSEEN GUNS BARK A LEADEN SONG OF DEATH!



THAT'S THE LAST OF DEM COPPERS! HEY! THE TRUCK'S GETTIN' AWAY!

I'LL STOP IT, AND GET THE IDOL SAFELY!



BULLSEYE! IT LANDED IN FRONT OF THE TRUCK!





STEP ON IT, TORO!
THEY'VE BLASTED
THE TRUCK!

LOOK! THEY'RE
CARRYING THE
IDOL INTO THEIR
CAR!



I'LL BE--
IT'S CROWLEY,
PUBLIC RAT
NUMBER
ONE!

GET THE CAR
STARTED! THE
TORCH IS
DIVING
STRAIGHT
AT US!



CROWLEY AND HIS MEN
SHOOT FORWARD AS HIS
SUPER-CHARGED CAR
ROARS INTO HIGH SPEED!

HA! THE TORCH
MISSED US
BY INCHES!

FASTER,
CHUMP!

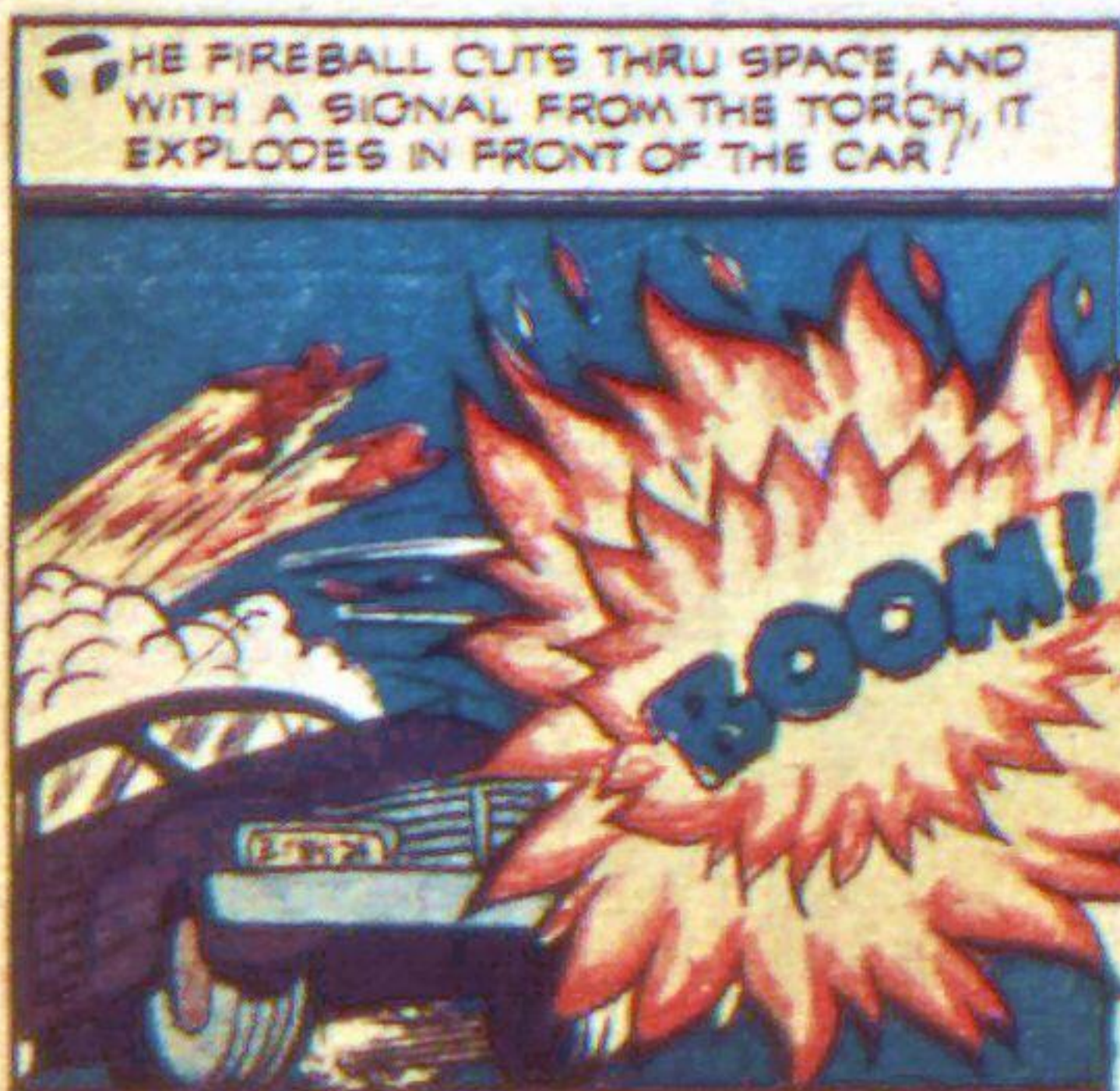


I DIDN'T EXPECT
THAT CAR TO
MOVE SO
FAST---

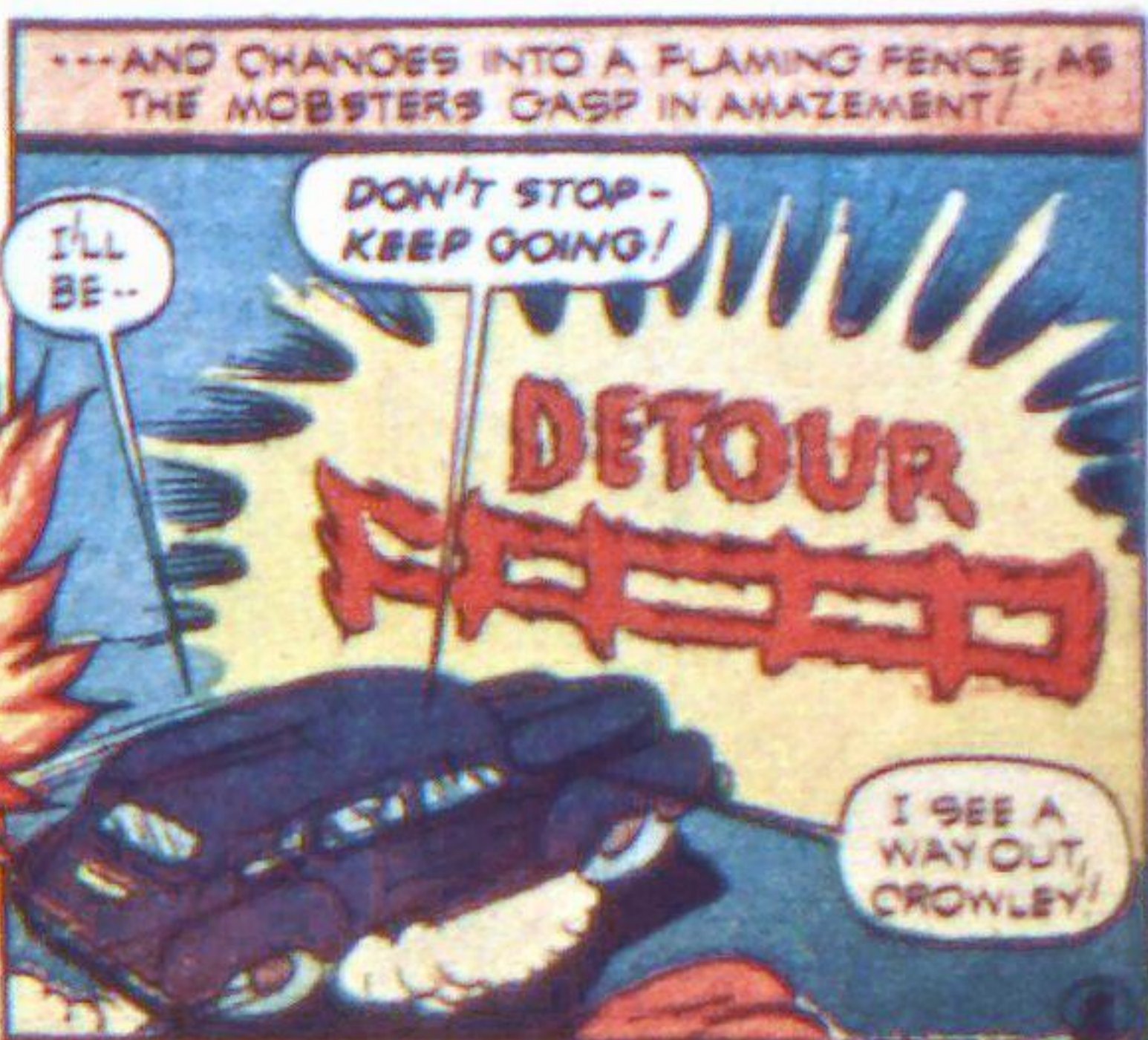
HOW ARE
YOU GOING
TO STOP
THEM?



LIKE
THIS!



THE FIREBALL CUTS THRU SPACE, AND
WITH A SIGNAL FROM THE TORCH, IT
EXPLODES IN FRONT OF THE CAR!



---AND CHANGES INTO A FLAMING FENCE, AS
THE MOBSTER'S GASP IN AMAZEMENT!

I'LL
BE--

DON'T STOP--
KEEP GOING!

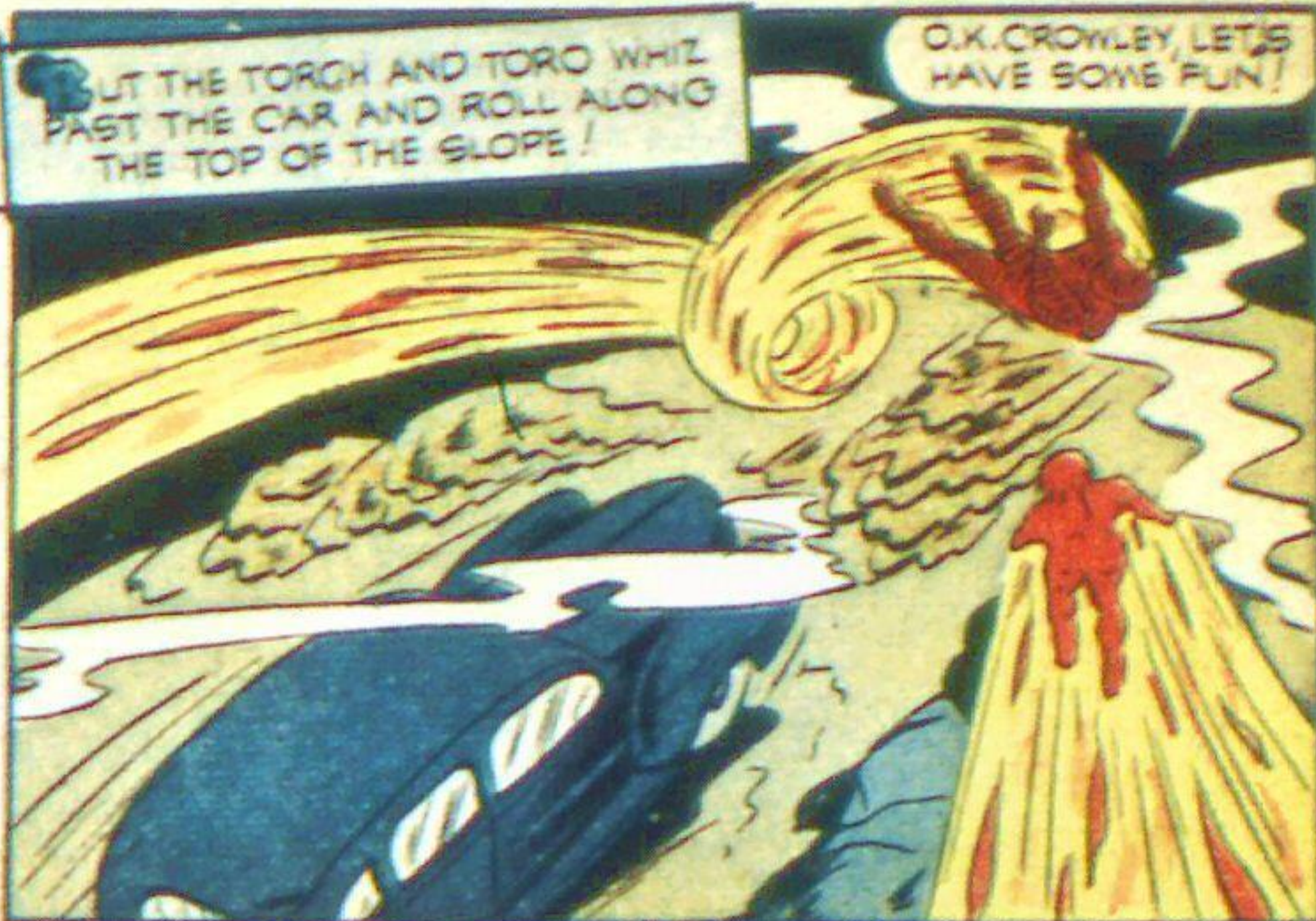
DETOUR

I SEE A
WAY OUT,
CROWLEY!

SUDDENLY THE CAR CAREENS MADLY AND PICKING UP MORE SPEED, CROWLEY'S CAR CONTINUES UP A SLOPE ON THE SIDE OF THE HILL!

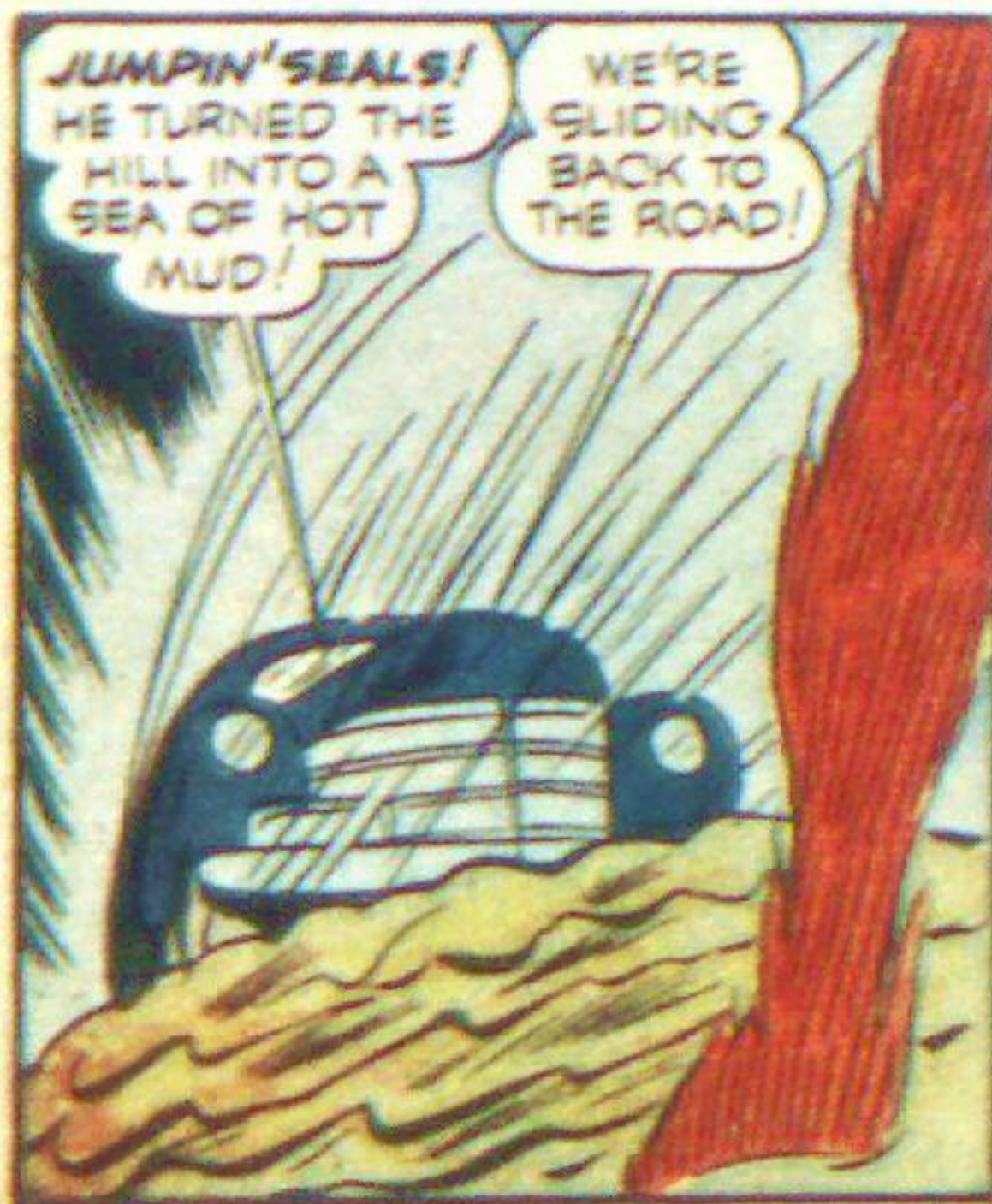


BUT THE TORCH AND TORO WHIZ PAST THE CAR AND ROLL ALONG THE TOP OF THE SLOPE!



JUMPIN' SEALS! HE TURNED THE HILL INTO A SEA OF HOT MUD!

WE'RE SLIDING BACK TO THE ROAD!



INSIDE THE CAR ----

GET SET TO JUMP! I'VE A GADGET THAT WILL TAKE CARE OF THE TORCH FOR A WHILE ANYWAY!



NOW FOR BINGO!



AS CROWLEY HURLS HIS BOMB, THE TORCH LETS LOOSE ANOTHER FIREBALL!

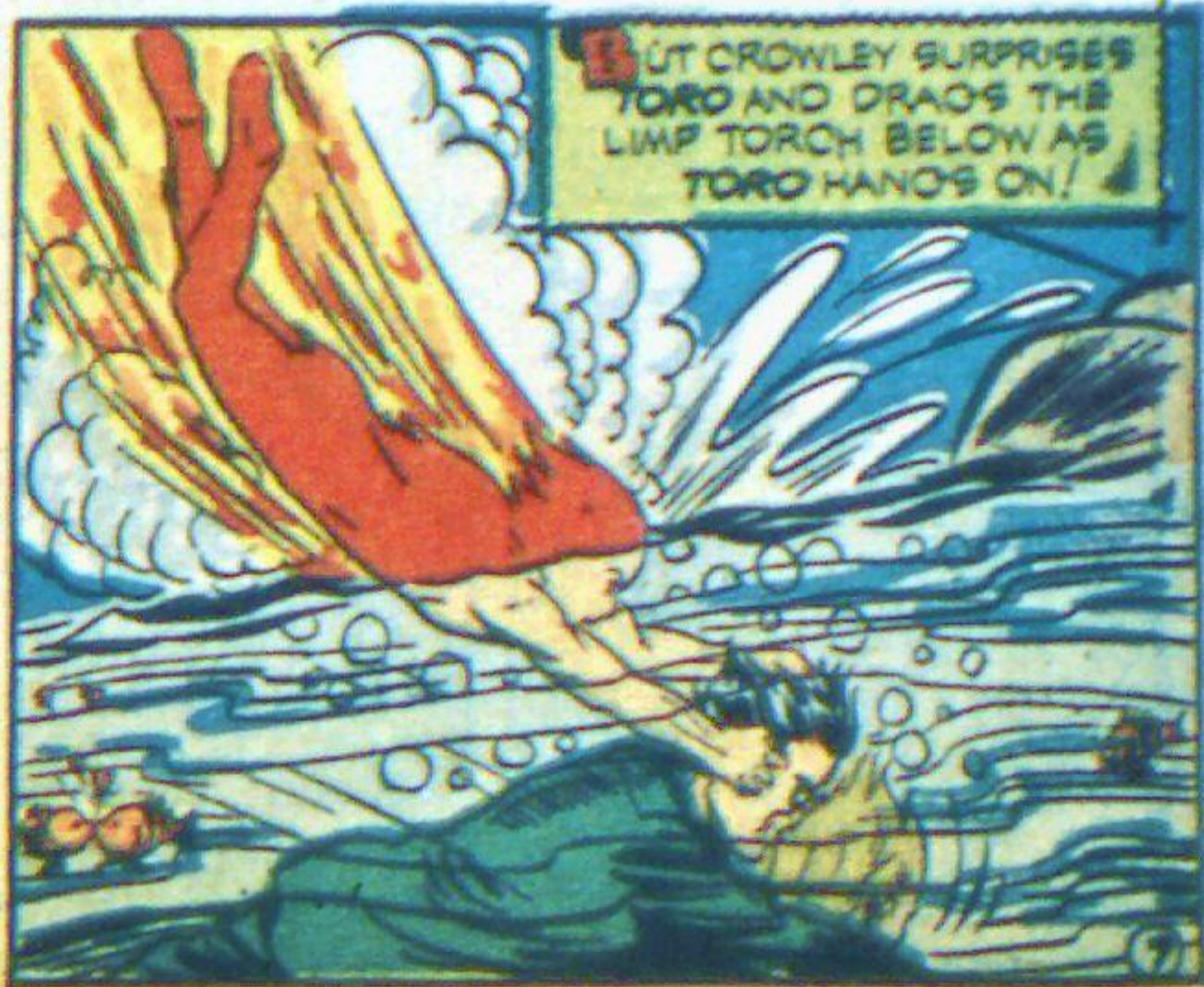
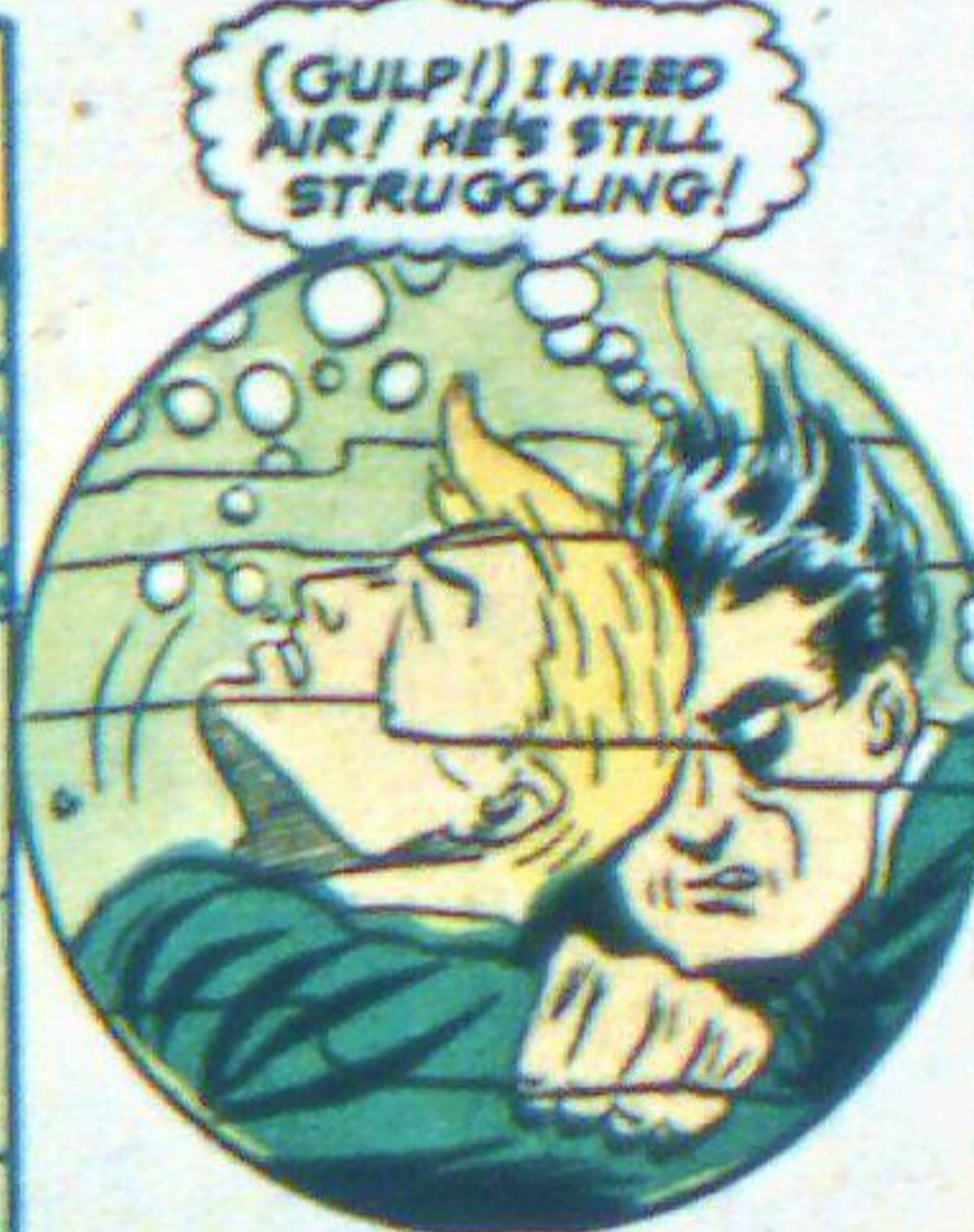


THE BALL UNDERGOES A CHANGE---IT FORMS INTO A FIERY HAND AND GRASPS THE SMALL MECHANISM!



NOW, YOU AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK, CHUMP!





LOOSENING HIS GRIP, CROWLEY CRASHES HIS FIST INTO TORO!



THE FORCE OF THE UNDERWATER BLOW SENDS TORO DOWN STREAM!



ARE YOU OKAY, BOSS?

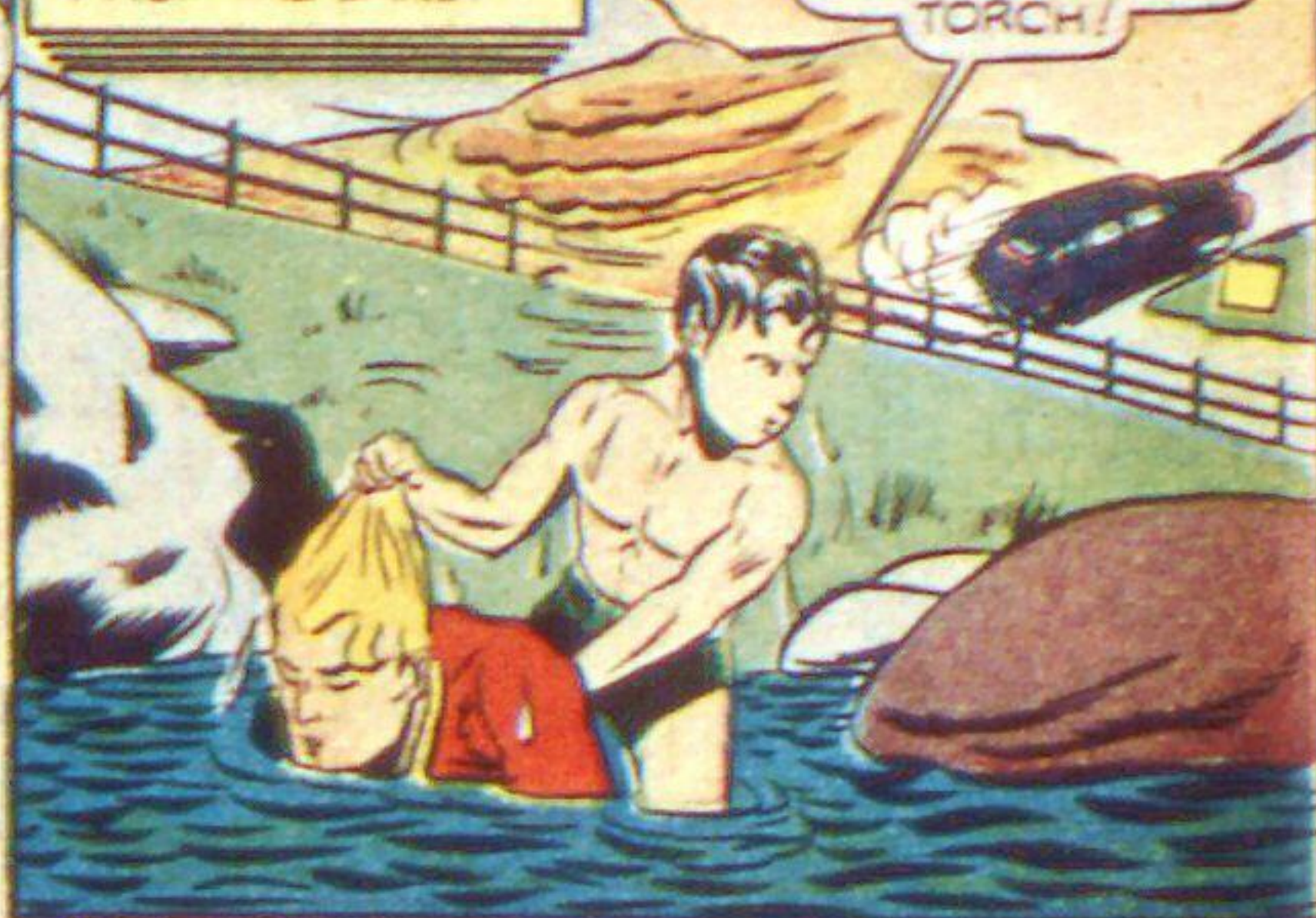
YEAH! THOSE FIRE BUGS WON'T BOTHER US FOR A WHILE!



CROWLEY AND HIS MEN THEN PUSH THEIR CAR FREE OF THE MUD!



WHILE BELOW, TORO PULLS THE TORCH FROM THE LAKE!



D RAGGING THE HALF-DROWNED TORCH ON SHORE, TORO AP- APPLIES FIRST AID IN AN EFFORT TO REVIVE HIM!

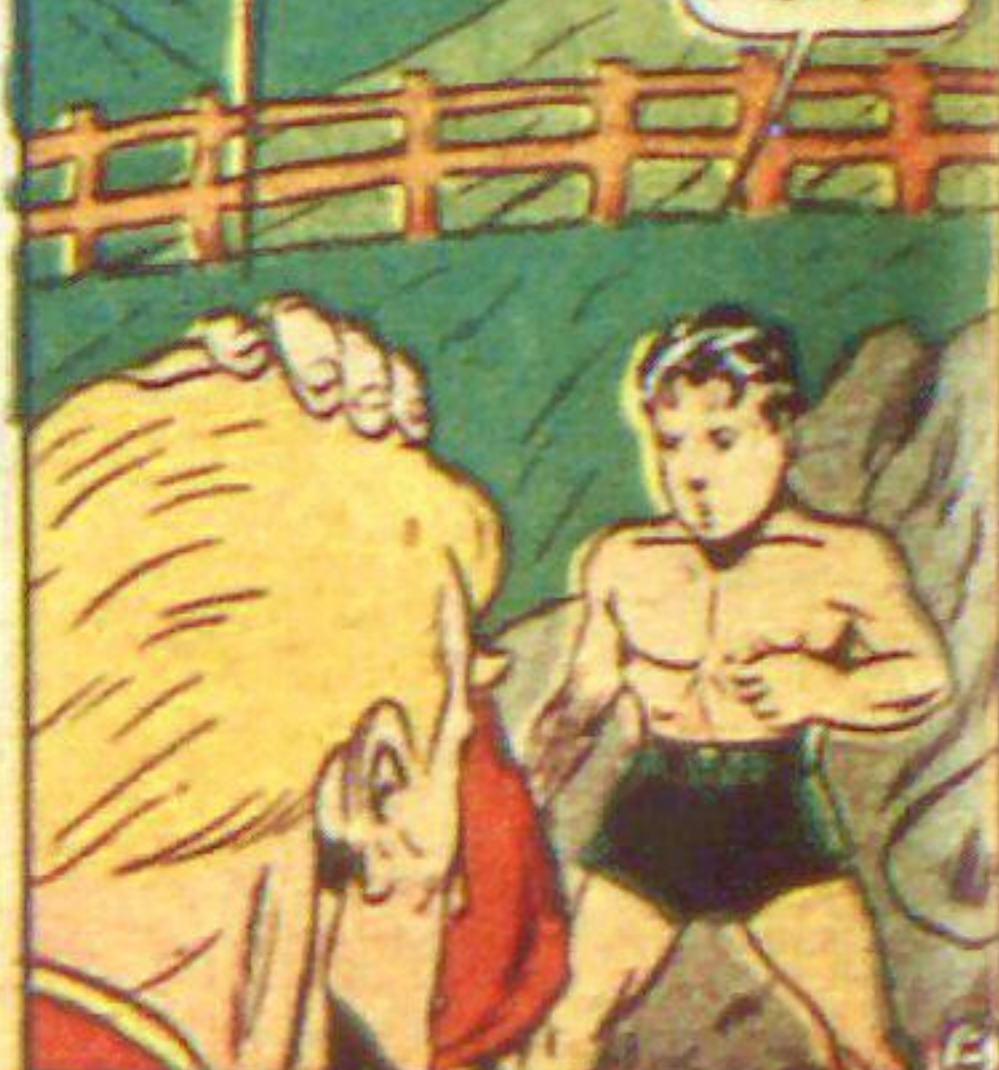


HE'S COMING TO!



OH-H! TORO! ---WHAT HAP- PENDED? WHERE'S CROWLEY?

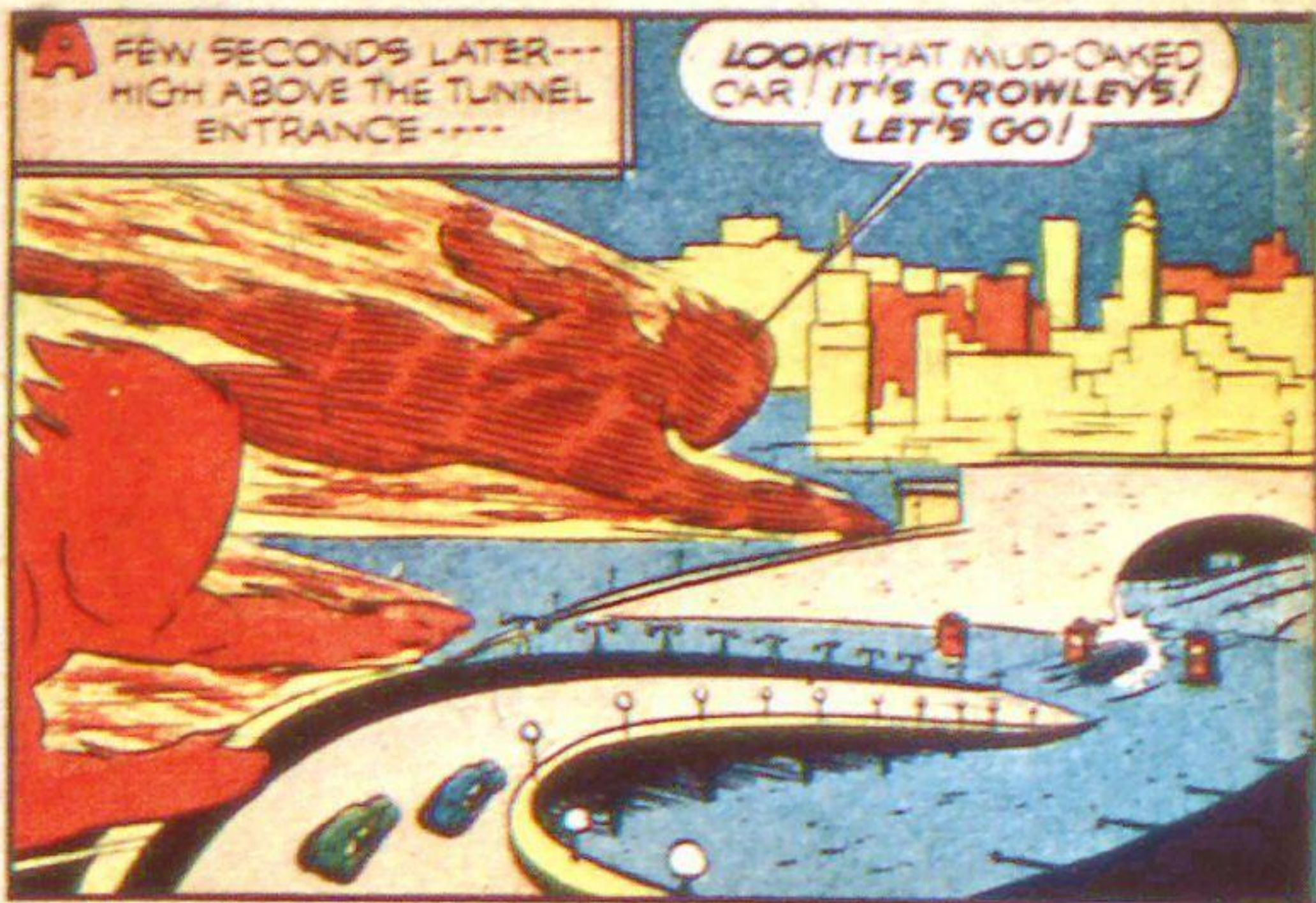
HE GOT AWAY! WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE?





CROWLEY OPERATES IN NEW YORK, SO MY GUESS IS HE'S HEADED THERE!

THAT MEANS HE'LL USE THE LINCOLN TUNNEL!



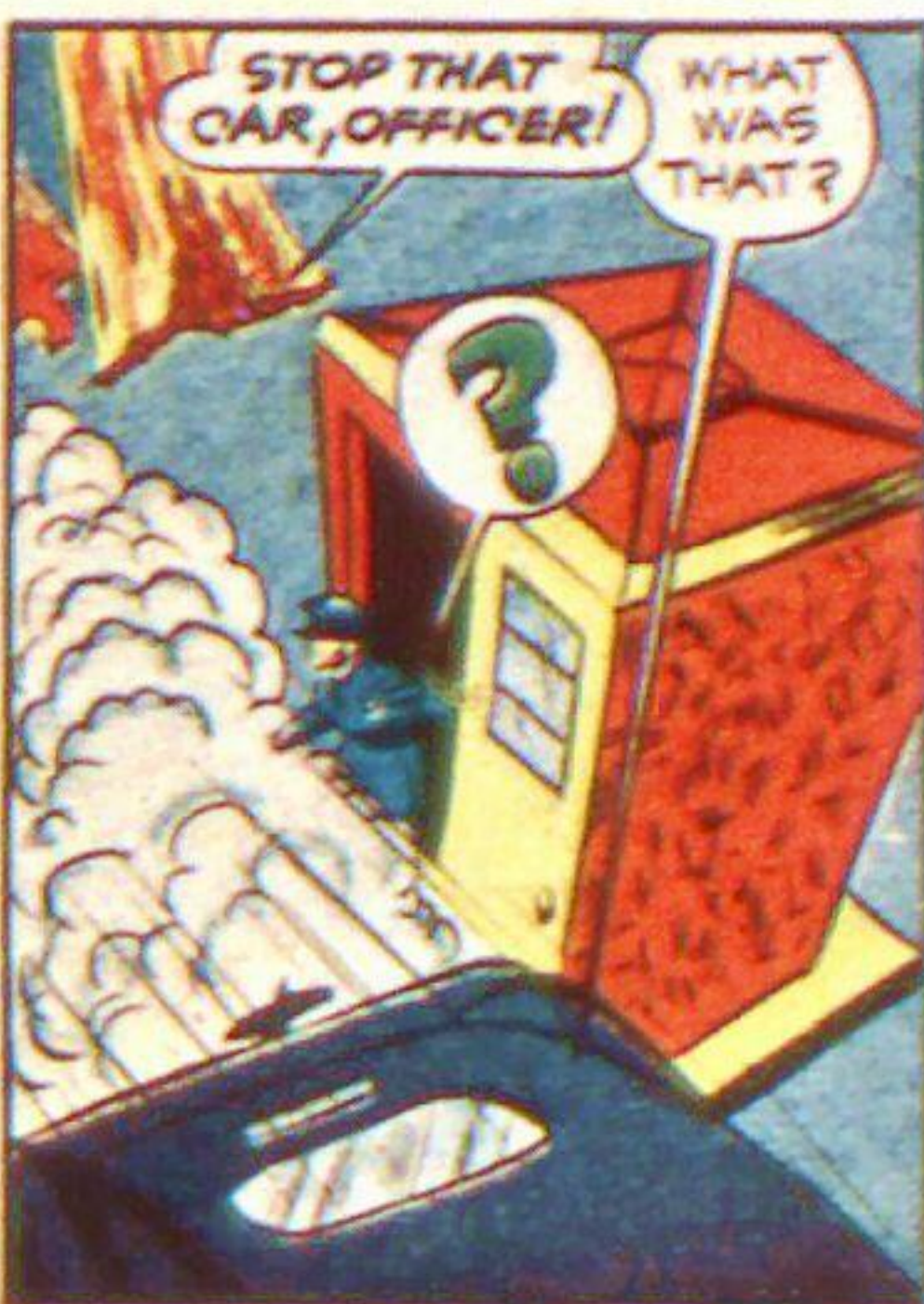
A FEW SECONDS LATER--- HIGH ABOVE THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE ---

LOOK! THAT MUD-OAKED CAR! IT'S CROWLEY'S! LET'S GO!



WHILE BELOW, CROWLEY'S CAR STOPS IN FRONT OF THE PAY BOOTH!

HURRY UP AND PAY THE GUY!



STOP THAT CAR, OFFICER!

WHAT WAS THAT?

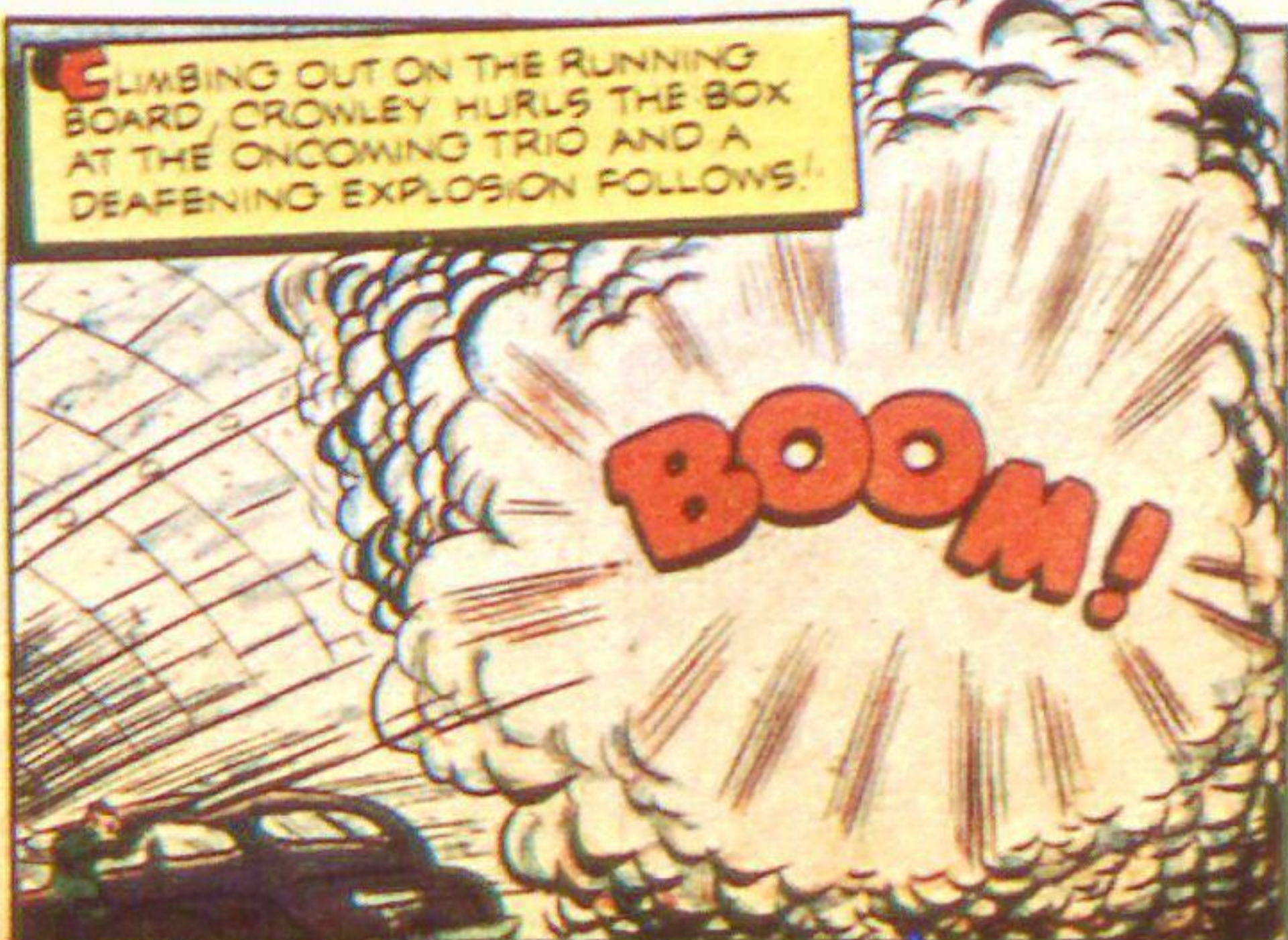


JUMPIN' GUNS! IT'S THE TORCH AND TORO! THEY'RE AFTER US!



PASS ME THE BOX MARKED "DANGER"!

HERE YOU ARE, BOSS!



CLIMBING OUT ON THE RUNNING BOARD, CROWLEY HURLS THE BOX AT THE ONCOMING TRIO AND A DEAFENING EXPLOSION FOLLOWS!

BOOM!

THE TUNNEL IS RIPPED OPEN! A HEAVY FLOOD OF MUD AND WATER BURSTS THRU THE GAPING HOLE!



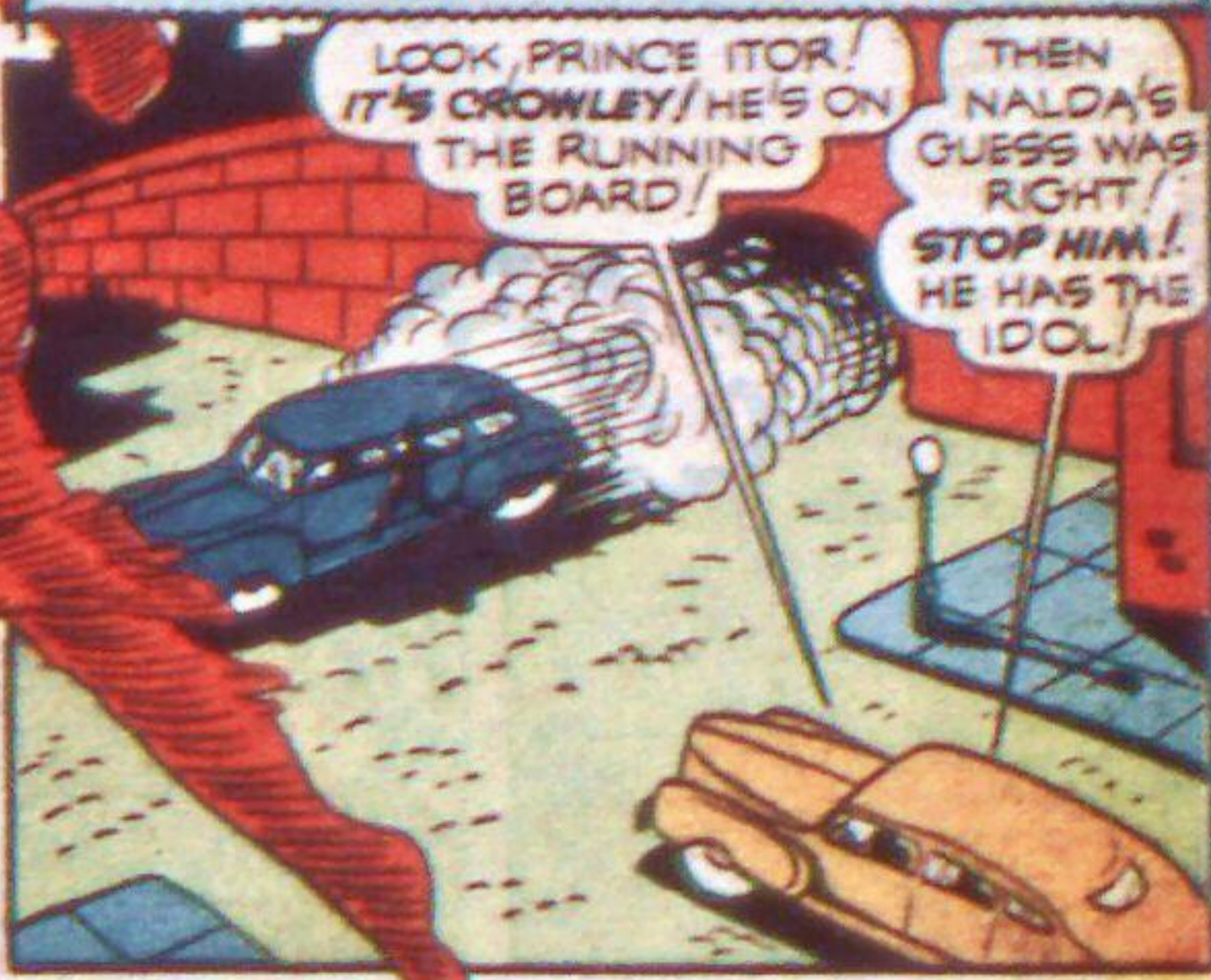
THE BLAZING FIRE-BALL GROWS LARGER UNTIL THE ENTIRE HOLE IS COVERED!



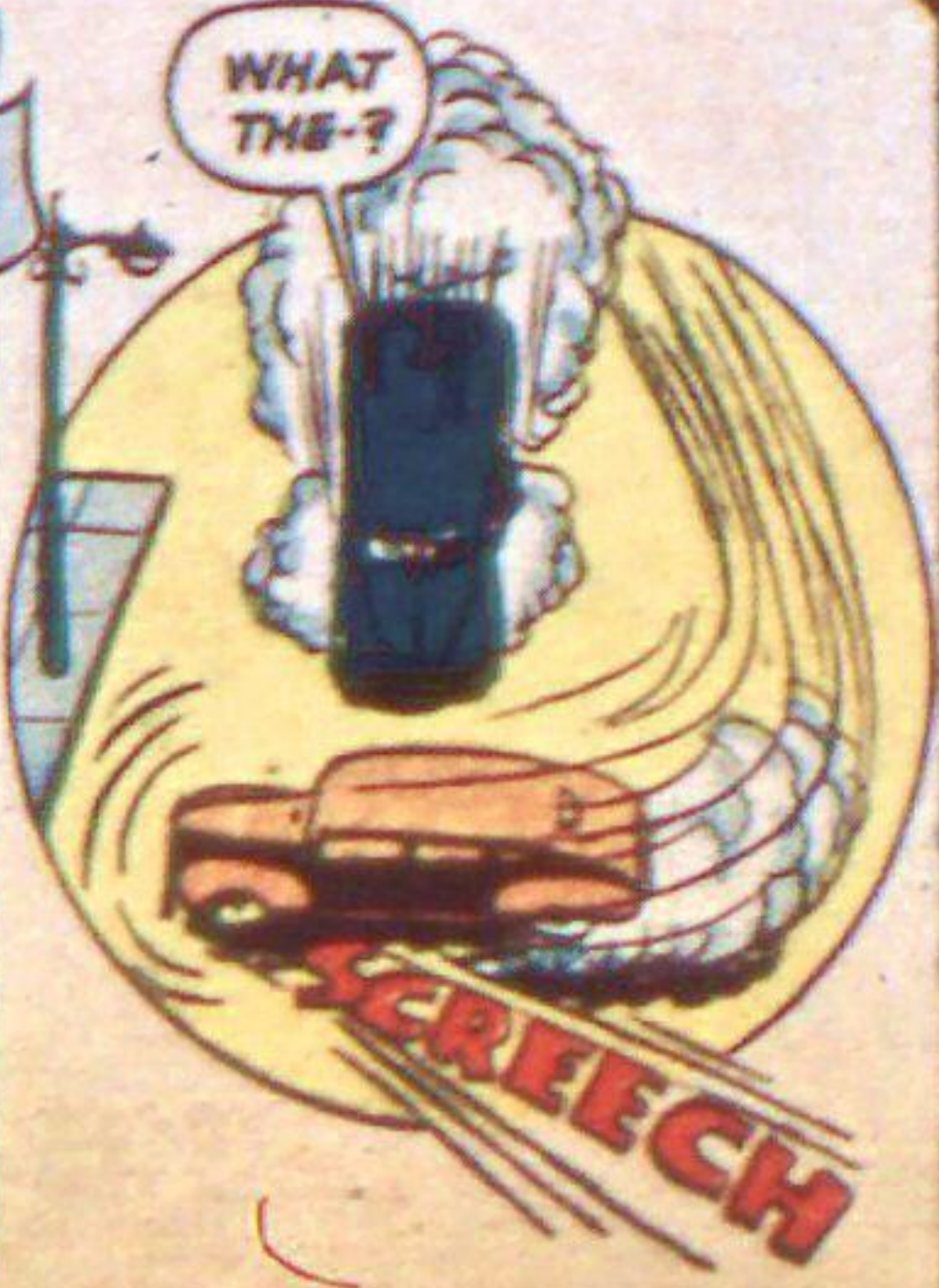
THE BALL BAKED THE MUD! IT'S AS HARD AS ROCK NOW! THE TUNNEL IS SAFE!



AT THAT MOMENT CROWLEY EMERGES ON THE NEW YORK SIDE OF THE TUBE!



PRINCE ITOR'S CAR CATCHES UP WITH CROWLEY----



CROWLEY'S CAR TURNS AND CRASHES INTO A LAMPOST!





IS THE IDOL THERE?

YES! I'VE GOT IT! IT'S PACKED IN A CRATE!



NOW IF THIS IDOL IS ALL IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE, I'LL HAVE POWERS UNMATCHED BY EVEN THE TORCH! THERE -- I'VE GOT THE LID LOOSE!



IT SPARKLES AS A LIVE BEING! HEAVENS! I'M TREMBLING!



SHAKING VIOLENTLY, ITOR DROPS TO THE GROUND AS HIS SERVANTS GAPE!

LOOK, HE'S CHANGING!



ITOR'S HEAD CHANGES TO A DEATH-LIKE GREEN, THEN TWISTS INTO THE SHAPE OF A MONSTER!



UNAWARE OF THE TRANSFORMATION, ITOR RISES!

ITOR! THE TORCH AND TORO ARE DIVING AT US!

WHAT? WHERE? OOH-H... I FEEL STRANGE!



ITOR MOVES TOWARD HIS SERVANT TO SEE THE TORCH AND TORO, HIS HAND TOUCHES THE SERVANT'S SHOULDER, AND HE DROPS TO THE GROUND!

WHAT IN? MY TOUCH HAS CHANGED HIM INTO A BRAINLESS ZOMBIE!



HERE COME THE FLAME MASTERS! I-I-I CAN'T THINK! ---MUST RUN! RUN! BUT WHERE?

THE STRANGE POWERS OF THE IDOL ARE TRANSMITTED TO ITOR!



FEARING THAT HIS FLAME WOULD HURT THE PEOPLE, THE TORCH SNAPS IT OFF, BUT THE FORCE OF HIS FLIGHT SENDS HIM CRASHING HEADLONG THRU THE PLATFORM WINDOW!



WHAT TH--? THESE PEOPLE ARE STIFF... LIKE MUMMIES!

THE EXPRESSIONLESS FIGURES CLOSE IN ON THE TORCH!



ARE THEY ALIVE OR DEAD?

HE-HE-HA-HAW! THE IDOL OF DEATH HAS TAKEN CARE OF THEM, TORCH! AND NOW TO GET THIS TRAIN ROLLING!



HAVING THE IDOL AT THE MOTORMAN, ITOR RASPS AN ORDER!



START THE TRAIN!

YES MASTER!

THE MOTORMAN, UNDER ITOR'S POWER, RUSHES PAST A DANGER SIGNAL WHEN----

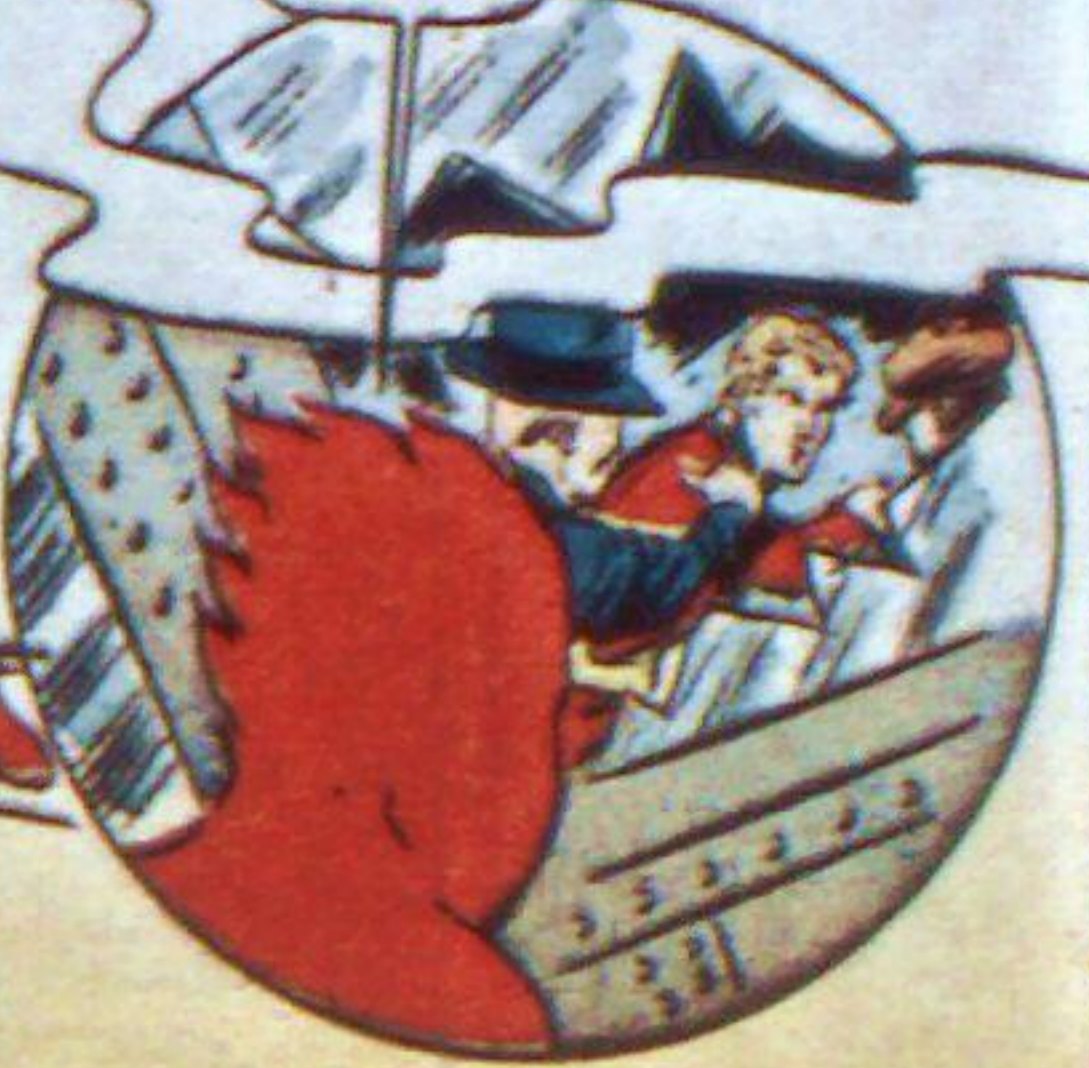


MEANWHILE... TORO FOLLOWING THE TORCH, SHOOTS INTO THE TUNNEL!



WOW! WHAT A SMASHUP! WHERE'S THE TORCH?

OH! THERE HE IS-- AND PASSENGERS ARE PINNING HIM DOWN!



ITOR IS TRYING TO ESCAPE WITH THE IDOL, WHILE THE TORCH IS TRAPPED! I'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!



IN A FLASH, TORO ROUNDS UP THE SURVIVORS FROM THE SECOND TRAIN AND FORMS THEM INTO AN ARMY!



LIKE A MINIATURE COMET, TORO WINGS INTO ITO'S TRAIN AND STARTS THE ATTACK!



IN MID-AIR TORO SUBDUES HIS FLAME UNWISELY AS HE CRASHES INTO ITO!



THE FORCE OF ITO'S BLOW SENDS TORO HURLING INTO SPACE!



IN DESPERATION, THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME, THE SIGHT OF WHICH SCARES THE ZOMBIES OFF!



BREED FROM THE ZOMBIE MENACE THE TORCH THEN LEAPS AT ITO!



REELING ACROSS THE TRAIN ITO PROTECTS THE IDOL OF DEATH WITH HIS OWN QUIVERING BODY!



THE TORCH LEAPS AT ITOR AND
MAKES A GRAB FOR THE IDOL!

NO! NO!
YOU CAN'T
HAVE IT!



BUT THE TORCH'S BLAZING
HANDS GRIP ROUND
THE IDOL, MELTING IT
INSTANTLY!



AS THE LAST DROP
FALLS TO THE FLOOR,
ITOR ALSO DROPS,
SHAKING VIOLENTLY!

WHAT
TH--



HIS FACE IS
BECOMING
NORMAL!

AND SO
HAVE HIS
VICTIMS!



WHAT
HAPPENED?

THAT MAN
ON THE
FLOOR
HYPNOTIZED
US!

LET'S
GET
HIM!



HOLD ON! DON'T LET
YOUR TEMPER GET
THE BEST OF YOU!
AFTER ALL, THE
IDOL OF DEATH CAN
DO NO MORE HARM!

I'VE GOT TO
ESCAPE
SOMEHOW!



AS THE TORCH TALKS TO THE
PEOPLE, ITOR LEAPS THRU
AN OPEN WINDOW AND LANDS
ON THE THIRD RAIL!



THE FOOL! HE
ELECTROCUTED
HIMSELF! OH
WELL, THAT
CLOSES ITOR'S
FATE!

AND
ALSO
FINISHES
THE CASE
OF THE
IDOL OF
DEATH!



NEXT MONTH
ANOTHER
COMPLETE

HUMAN TORCH

PICTURE
ACTION
STORY

NO. 5 **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AUG.



A SNEAK PREVIEW

OF ONE OF THE MANY
EXCITING STORIES FROM-

CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS

SORRY, KIDS -- THIS ISN'T MY REGULAR JOB SO I CAN'T TELL YOU NOW HOW WE GOT OUT OF THIS MESS -- SO GET THIS ISSUE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS AND SEE HOW WE MADE OUT --

FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD ABOUT CAPTAIN AMERICA, MY PRETTY WENCH, HE'LL COME TO YOUR RESCUE -- AND PLAY RIGHT INTO MY HANDS!

WE'LL GIVE HIM A WARM -- NO -- A MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION IN TRUE CIRCUS STYLE! HEH-HEH-HEH!

I'LL WAGER HE'LL MAKE A DOLLY OUT OF YOU, RINGMASTER!

AS THOUGH ANSWERING THE CHALLENGE, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY INVADE THE DESERTED CIRCUS GROUNDS...

IT'S EMPTY, CAP. THE SHOW'S OVER FOR TONIGHT

OH, NO HE WON'T! I'VE LONG PREPARED FOR THIS SHOWDOWN -- AND YOU, MY DEAR GIRL, WILL PLAY A VERY IMPORTANT PART IN MY SCHEME! HEH-HEH-HEH!!

CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SHARP EYES SUDDENLY DETECT A SINISTER MOVEMENT IN THE SHADOWS...

I SEE IT TOO, CAP! -- IT'S SOMETHING BIG!

YOU MEAN THE SHOW'S ABOUT TO BEGIN! THE RINGMASTER EXPECTS THIS VISIT, SO WATCH OUT FOR A TRAP!

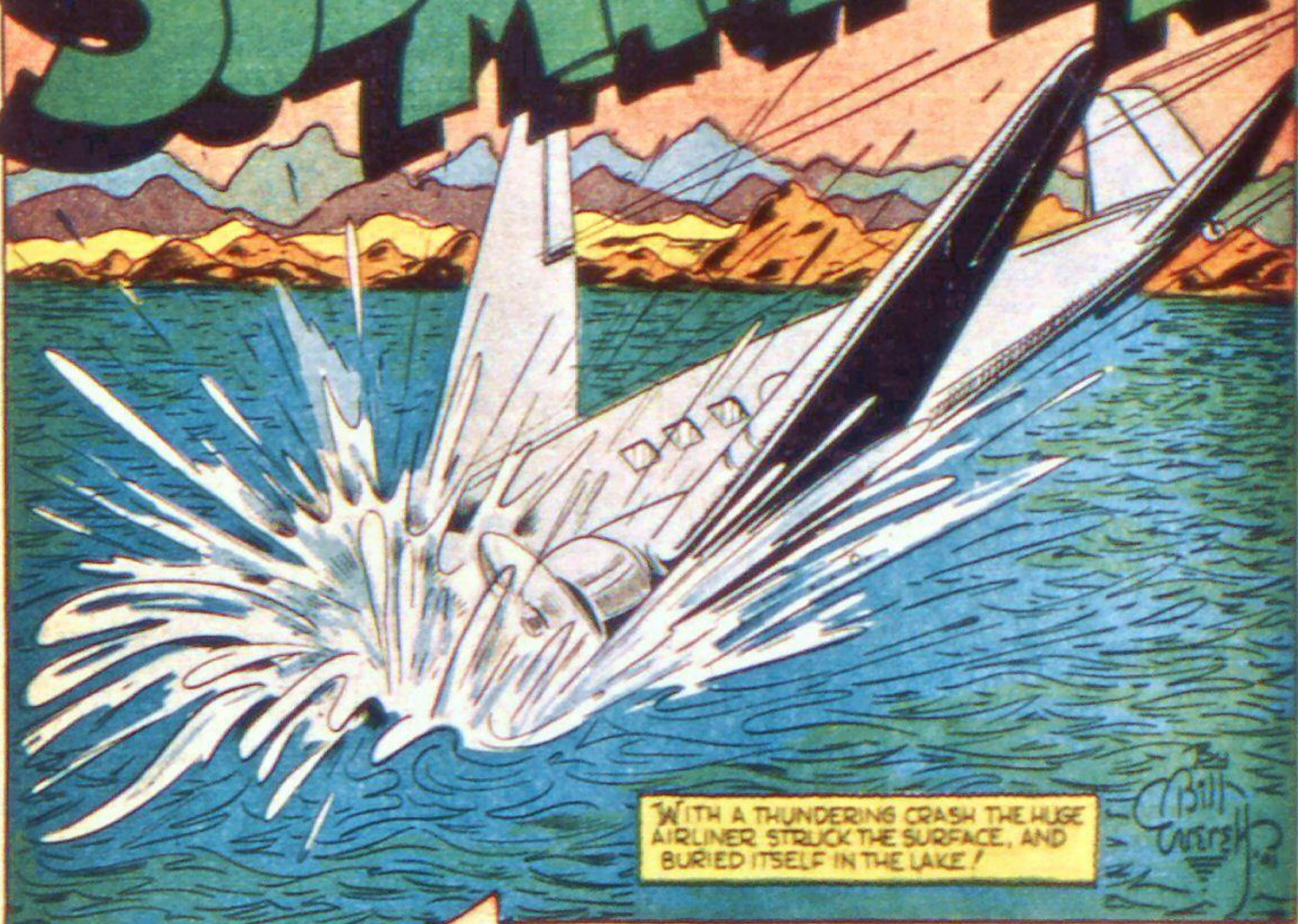
THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING IN THE DARKNESS!

THE RINGMASTER'S TRAP!

ON Sale MAY 5th



THE SUB-MARINER



WITH A THUNDERING CRASH THE HUGE AIRLINER STRUCK THE SURFACE, AND BURIED ITSELF IN THE LAKE!

IN NEW YORK

NAMOR AND POLICEWOMAN BETTY DEAN, LEAVE POLICE HEADQUARTERS.....

HOLY SMOKE, JOE!!!
LOOK AT THAT!

SOME FIGHT
LAST MONTH,
EH, BETTY?

I'LL SAY!

HOLD HARD A MOMENT - I WANT TO
BUY A PAPER.....

WOW! LOOK AT
THIS!!!

HUH?



ANOTHER CRASH! WHAT GOES, BETTY? HOW OFTEN DOES THIS HAPPEN?



IT'S THE FIFTH ACCIDENT THIS MONTH, NAMOR ...



THE FIRST WAS JUST FOUR WEEKS AGO TODAY ...



THE AIRLINE'S EXECUTIVES ARE GOING CRAZY ...

THIS HAS GOT TO **STOP!** AT THIS RATE WE'LL BE BANKRUPT IN NO TIME!



THE COMPANY IS SWAMPED WITH LAWSUITS ...

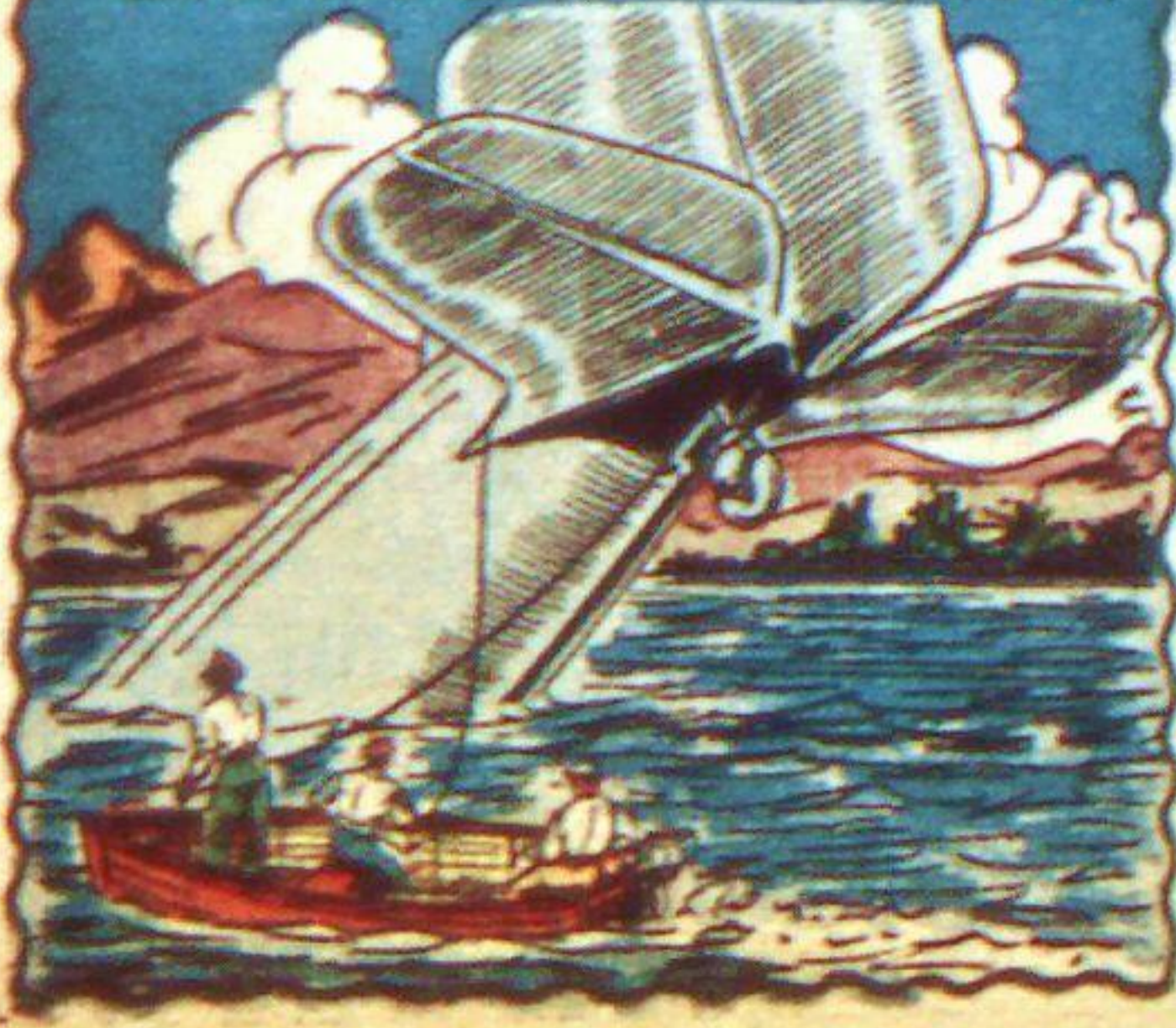


FEDERAL AGENTS ARE ASSIGNED TO INVESTIGATE ... SUSPECTING ESPIONAGE.

LOOKS HOPELESS, INSPECTOR - NO SIGNS OF DIRTY WORK HERE!

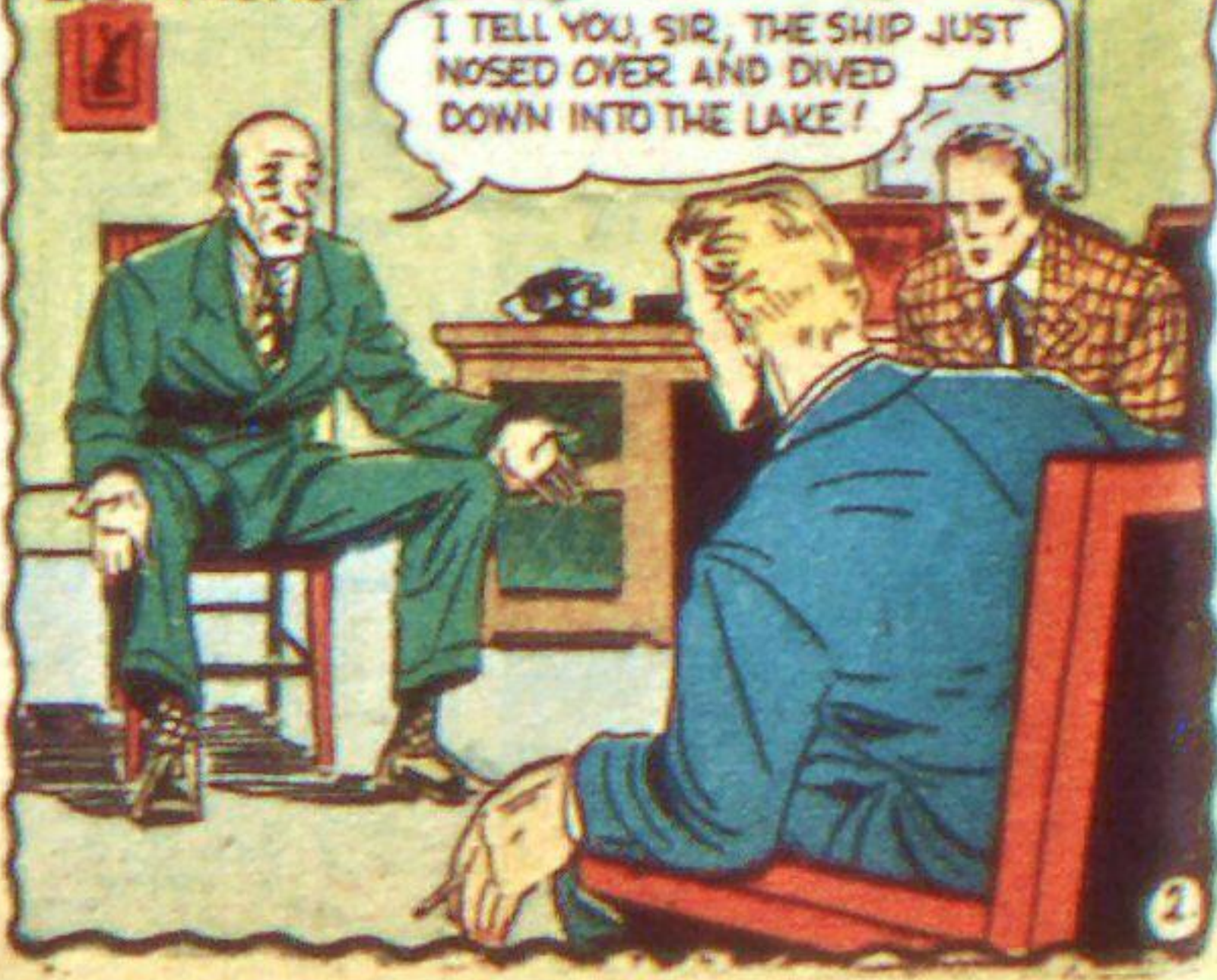


MECHANICS INSPECT EVERY DETAIL OF THE WRECKED PLANES -- TO NO AVAIL! THEY CAN FIND NO REASON FOR THE ACCIDENTS!



GOVERNMENT AND COMPANY OFFICIALS QUESTION EYEWITNESSES ...

I TELL YOU, SIR, THE SHIP JUST NOSED OVER AND DIVED DOWN INTO THE LAKE!



MMM! SOMETHING'S SCREWY
SOMEWHERE, ALL RIGHT! MAYBE
I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS MYSELF!



THE SAME NIGHT, NAMOR, BETTY, AND
THREE DETECTIVES BOARD A TRAIN TO
GO TO THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT.....

DON'T KNOW WHAT I CAN DO THAT
HASN'T BEEN DONE ALREADY,
BUT THERE'S NO HARM
IN LOOKING AROUND.



IN THE MORNING THEY ARRIVE
AT A SMALL COUNTRY STATION.....

WE CAN SHOOT RIGHT OUT TO THE
LAKE AFTER WE REGISTER
AT THE HOTEL, NAMOR.



HALF AN HOUR LATER FINDS THEM ON A FLOAT
NEAR THE SUBMERGED PLANE.....



THEY'RE HOISTING THE SHIP UP
NOW, NAMOR — YOU CAN HAVE
THE FIRST CRACK AT IT!

GOOD! HERE
SHE COMES!

THE HUGE BIRD IS RAISED TO THE SURFACE AND
FLOATED BETWEEN GIANT PONTOONS.....



EASY, NOW!
THERE — THAT DOES IT!



ALL RIGHT — LET'S MOVE! GET THOSE FLOATS OUT
OF THE WAY — COME ON, GET GOING!
WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY TO
DRY THIS BABY OUT!

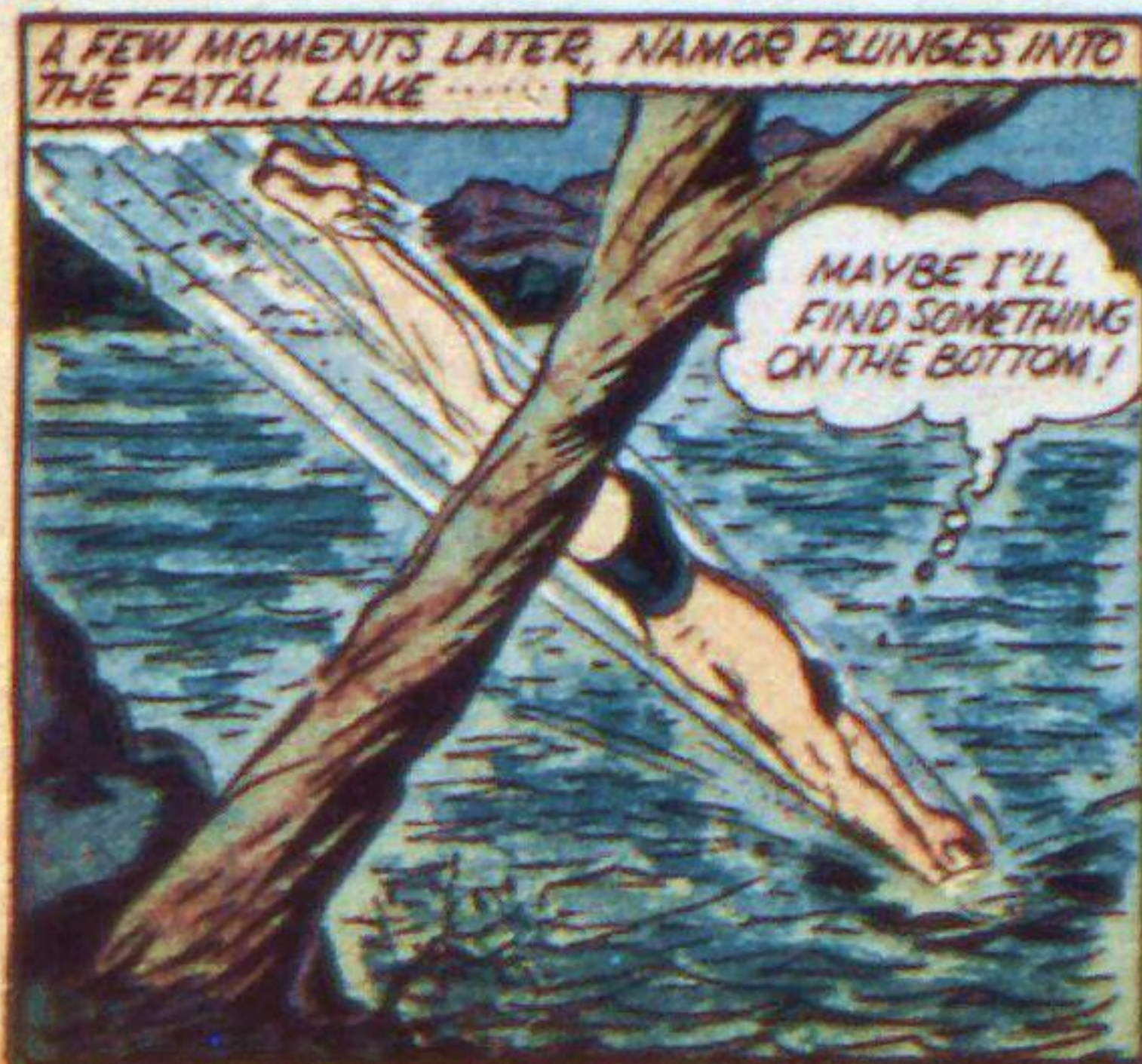
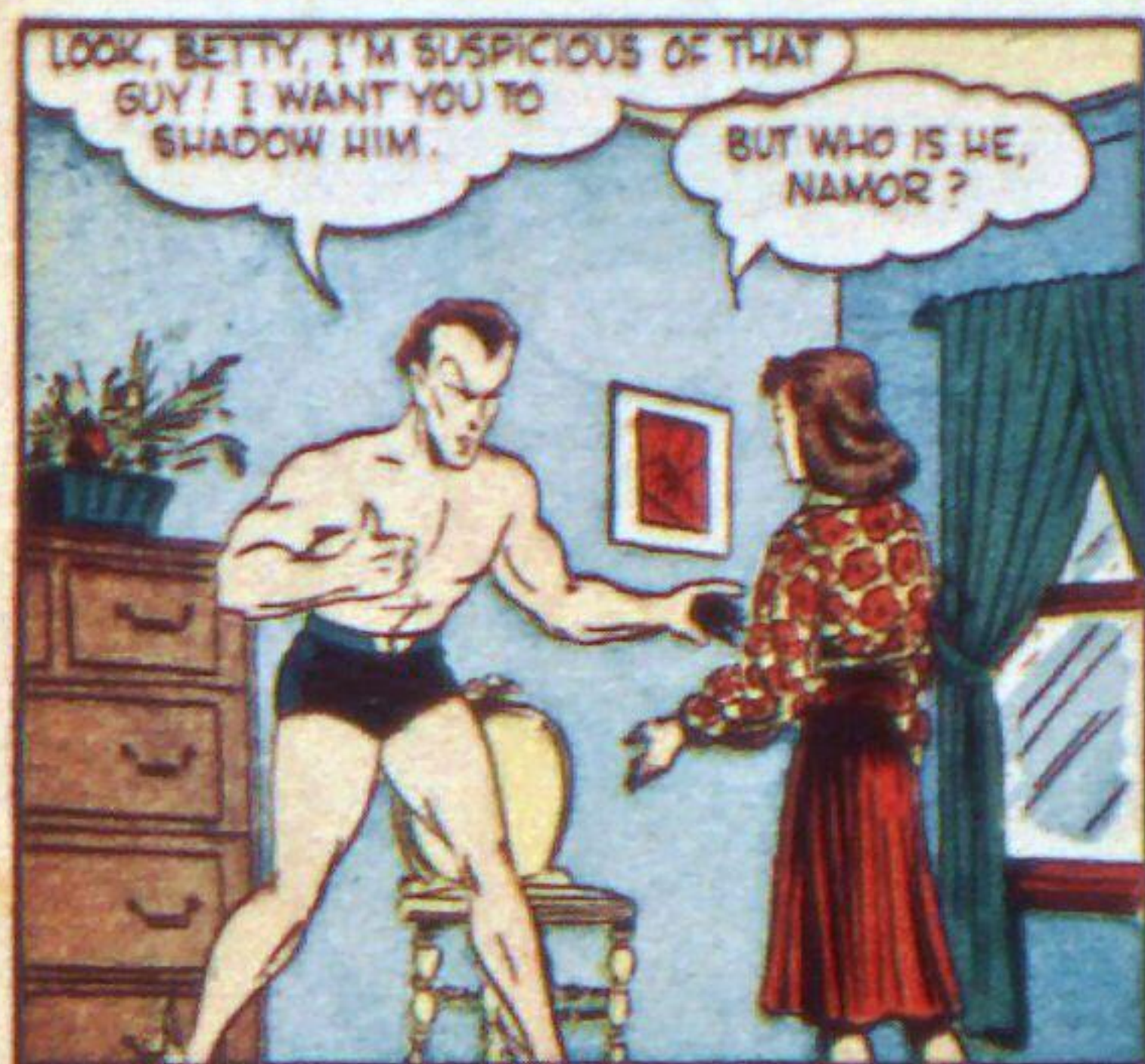


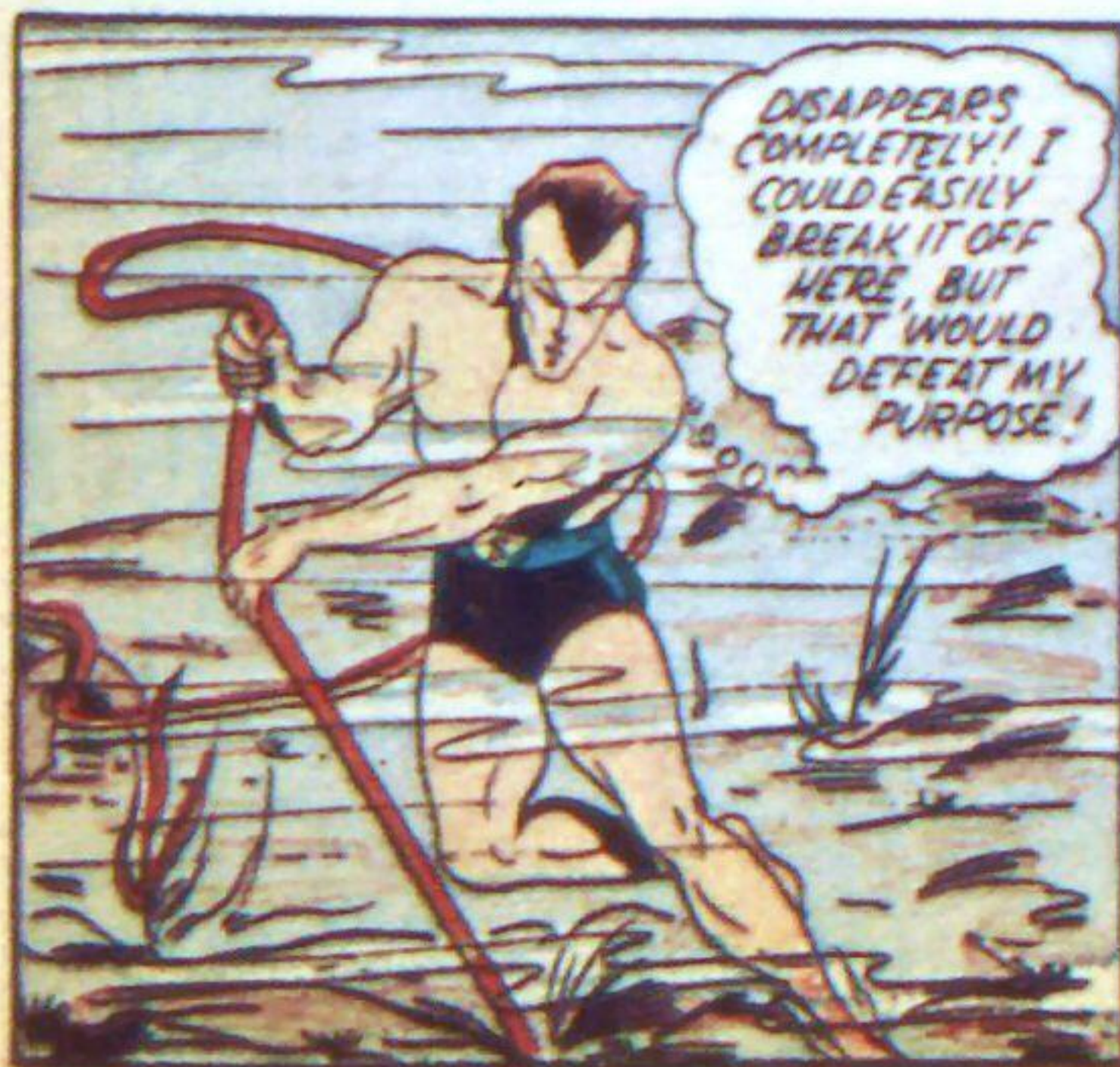
ON THE LAKE SHORE A CROWD WATCHES ANGRY AND
MALCONTENT, CURSING THE INEFFICIENCY OF THE
AIRLINES ORGANIZATION — FROM ITS PRESIDENT DOWN
TO ITS LAST PILOT!

WHAT SORT OF
FRAME-UP IS THIS?

FIVE CRASHES
IN FOUR
WEEKS!!!

WHO CALLED
THEM "PILOTS"?





IN THE MEANTIME BETTY HAS STRUCK UP AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE MYSTERIOUS YOUNG MAN, AND WE FIND THEM NOW ENTERING A SMALL CAFÉ IN THE TOWN....

THIS LOOKS LIKE A NICE PLACE....

DECENT FOOD COUNTS A LOT, MISS DEAN, AND I CAN VOUCH FOR THIS CAFÉ!

THEN YOU MUST BE PRETTY FAMILIAR WITH THIS TERRITORY, EH? I UNDERSTAND THE NAZI PARTY IS PRETTY STRONG AROUND HERE...

WELL - ER - YES, I GUESS IT IS! I HAPPEN TO KNOW A FEW OF THEM PERSONALLY

OH, YOU DO? HOW EXCITING! I'D LOVE TO MEET ONE - I THINK THEY'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING ON THE BALL!

HONESTLY? YOU DON'T LOOK THE TYPE TO BE IN SYMPATHY WITH THE PARTY...

OH, BUT I AM! I THINK HITLER'S A GENIUS! COULD YOU POSSIBLY INTRODUCE ME TO ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS? I'D LOVE A CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING FOR THE NAZI CAUSE!

HMMM! WELL, YOU LOOK ALL RIGHT - I GUESS I CAN FIX IT!

COME ON - WE'LL SHOOT OUT TO SEE A FRIEND OF MINE

OKAY!

THE FAST LITTLE CAR RACES OUT PAST THE TOWN LIMITS AND INTO THE COUNTRY....

GEE! I'M SO EXCITED I CAN'T SIT STILL!

TAKE IT EASY, BABY! WE'RE ALMOST THERE. THIS FELLER LIVES IN AN OLD HOUSE ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE - ONLY A FEW MINUTES FROM HERE!

IN A FEW MOMENTS THEY ARRIVE...

MY! IT IS AN OLD HOUSE, ISN'T IT?

MM-HMM! BUT IT'S MODERN ENOUGH INSIDE, AS YOU'LL SOON SEE. I THINK YOU'LL LIKE MY FRIEND!



LEAVING BETTY AND HER COMPANION IN THE ELEVATOR, LET'S RACE BACK TO NAMOR IN THE LAKE ---- WE FIND HIM HAILING THE STATE POLICE----

HELLO THERE!
(JUST THE PARTY I WANT TO SEE!)

HELLO YOURSELF!
COME ABOARD AND
TELL US WHAT
YOU FOUND!



I FOUND A LOT OF PIECES OF
SCRAP IRON, LIEUTENANT, AND
ALL LINKED TOGETHER BY AN
INSULATED CABLE - LOOKS
MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS TO ME!

A CABLE? BUT
WHY? WHAT'S IT
DOING ON THE BOTTOM
OF THE LAKE?



THAT I DON'T KNOW - YET! BUT,
WITH YOUR HELP, I HOPE TO
FIND OUT SOON! COULD YOU
GIVE ME A COUPLE OF DIVERS,
SOME DYNAMITE, AND A
LENGTH OF TIME-FUSE?
WITH THEM I THINK I CAN
GET TO THE BOTTOM OF
THIS!

WHY, SURE!
ANYTHING TO CLEAR
UP THIS MYSTERY!



AND SO, SOMETIME LATER,
A BOAT, IN NAMOR'S
COMMAND, SPEEDS OUT
TO THE MARKER-BUOY--

ALL SET, BOYS?
THERE'S NO TIME
TO LOSE!

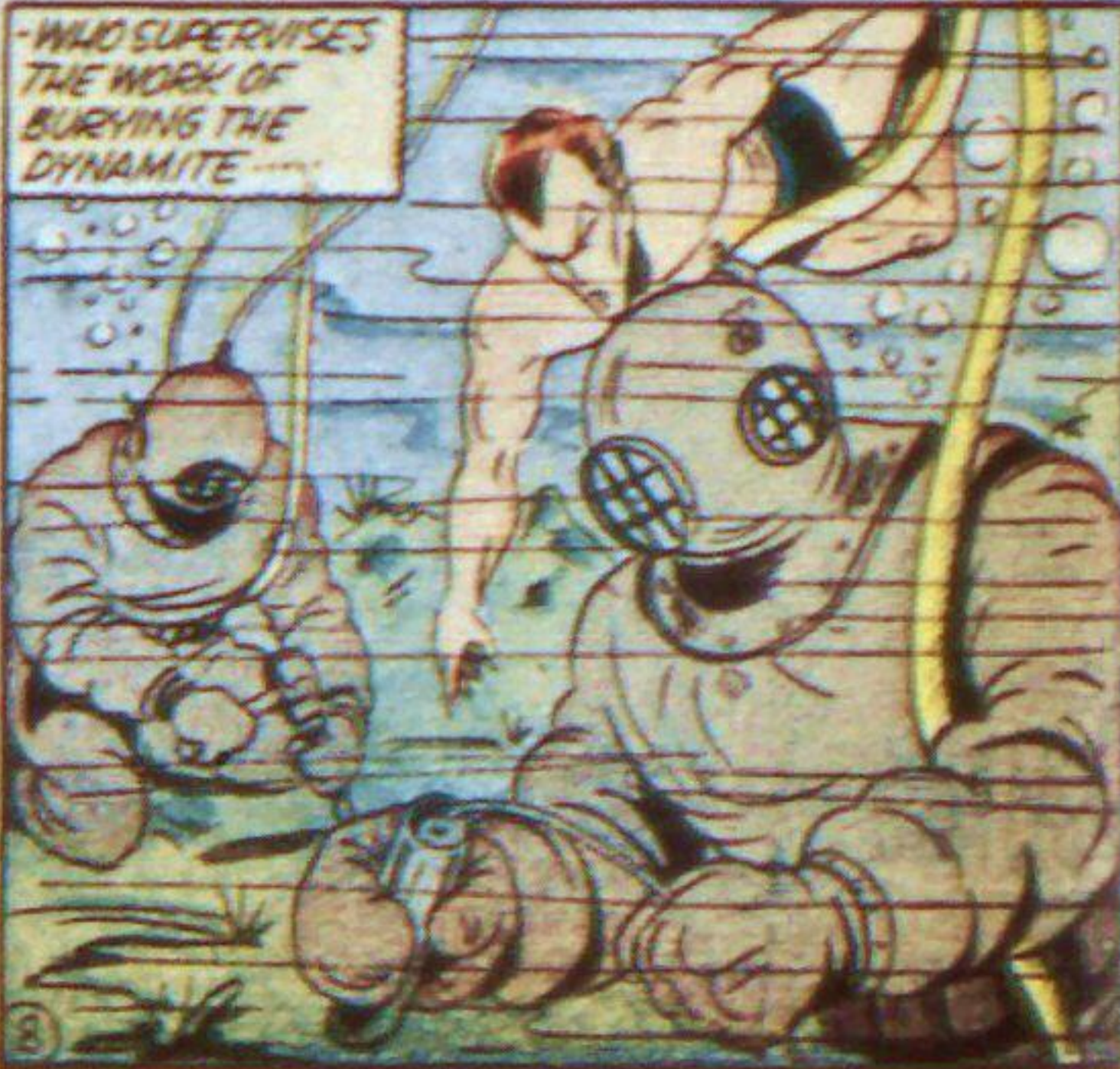


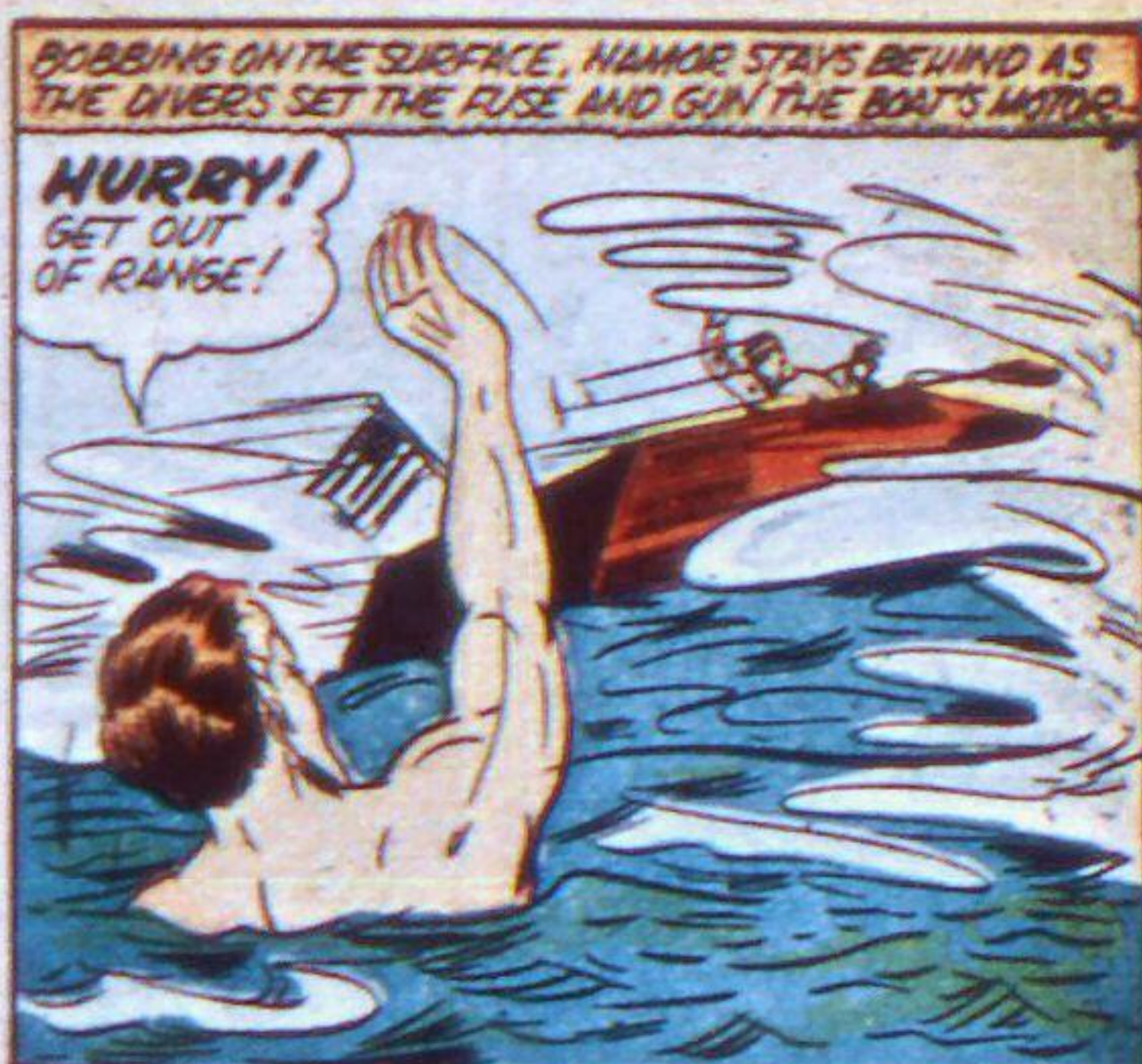
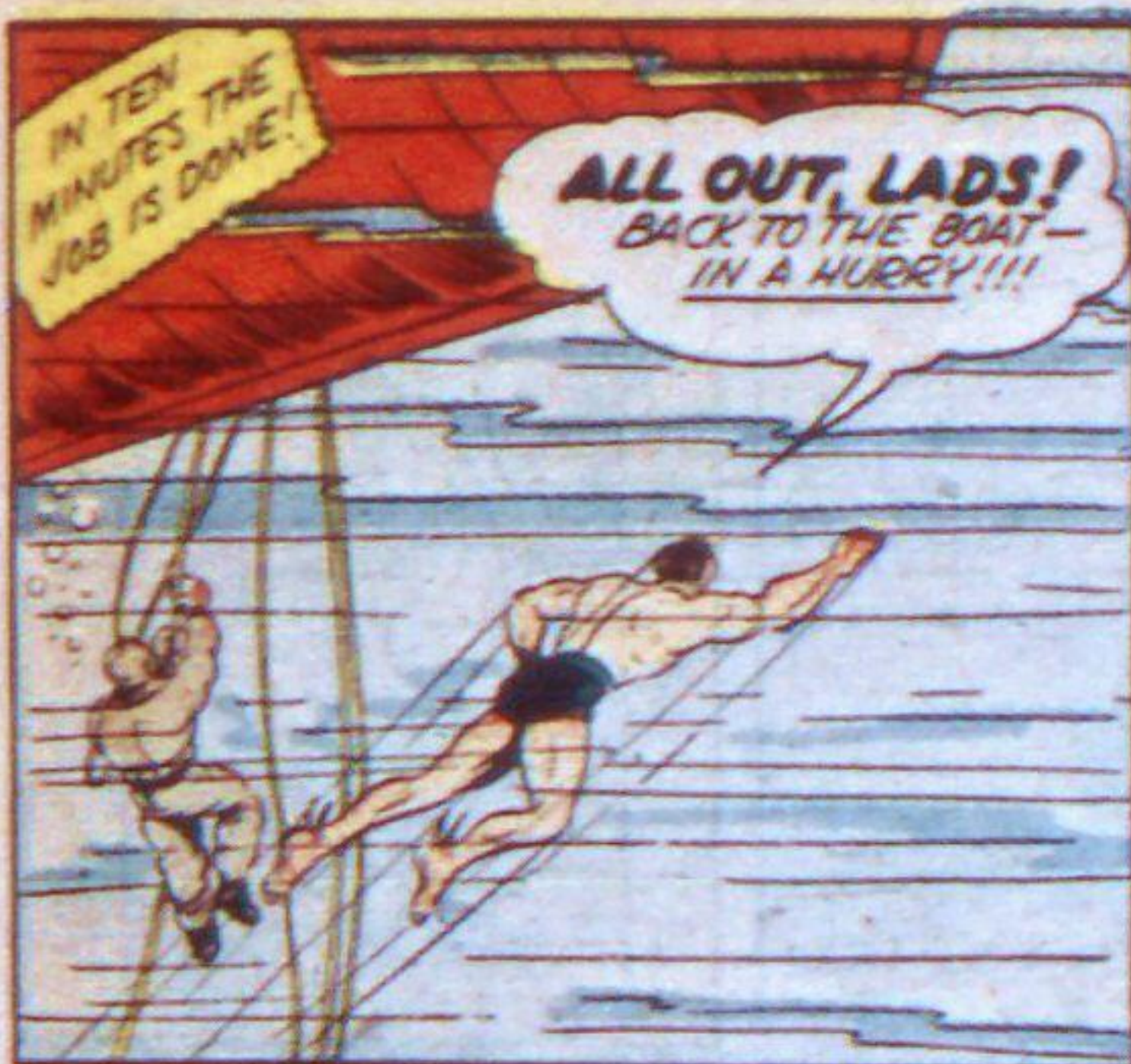
THEIR HELMETS TIGHTLY SCREWED ON, THE DIVERS
DESCEND TO THE LAKE FLOOR ---- FOLLOWED BY NAMOR.

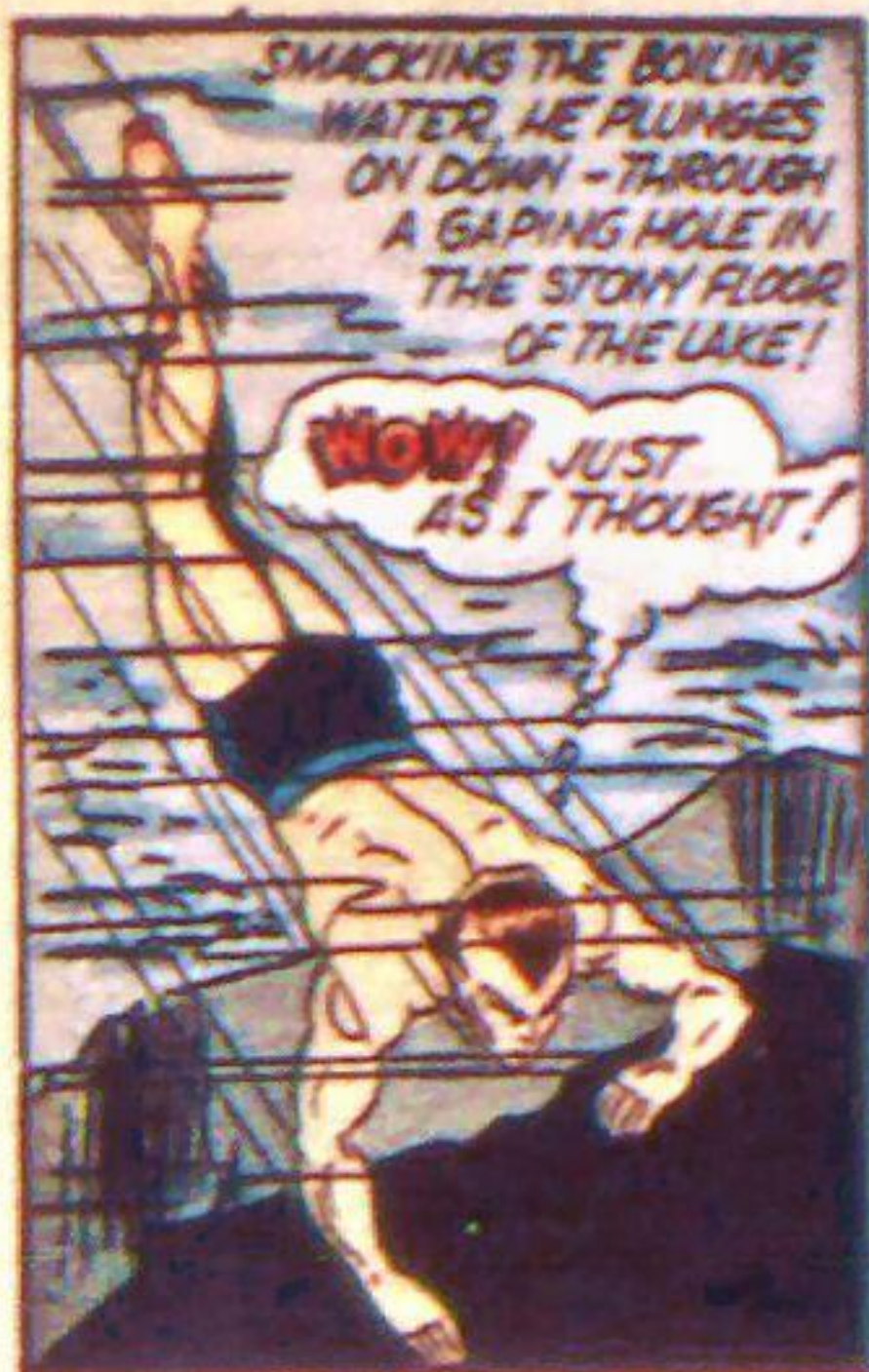
IF THIS WORKS,
I'LL SOON KNOW
WHERE THAT
CABLE GOES!



WHO SUPERVISES
THE WORK OF
BURYING THE
DYNAMITE ----







SMACKING THE BOILING WATER, HE PLUNGES ON DOWN - THROUGH A GAPING HOLE IN THE STONY FLOOR OF THE LAKE!

HOW! JUST AS I THOUGHT!



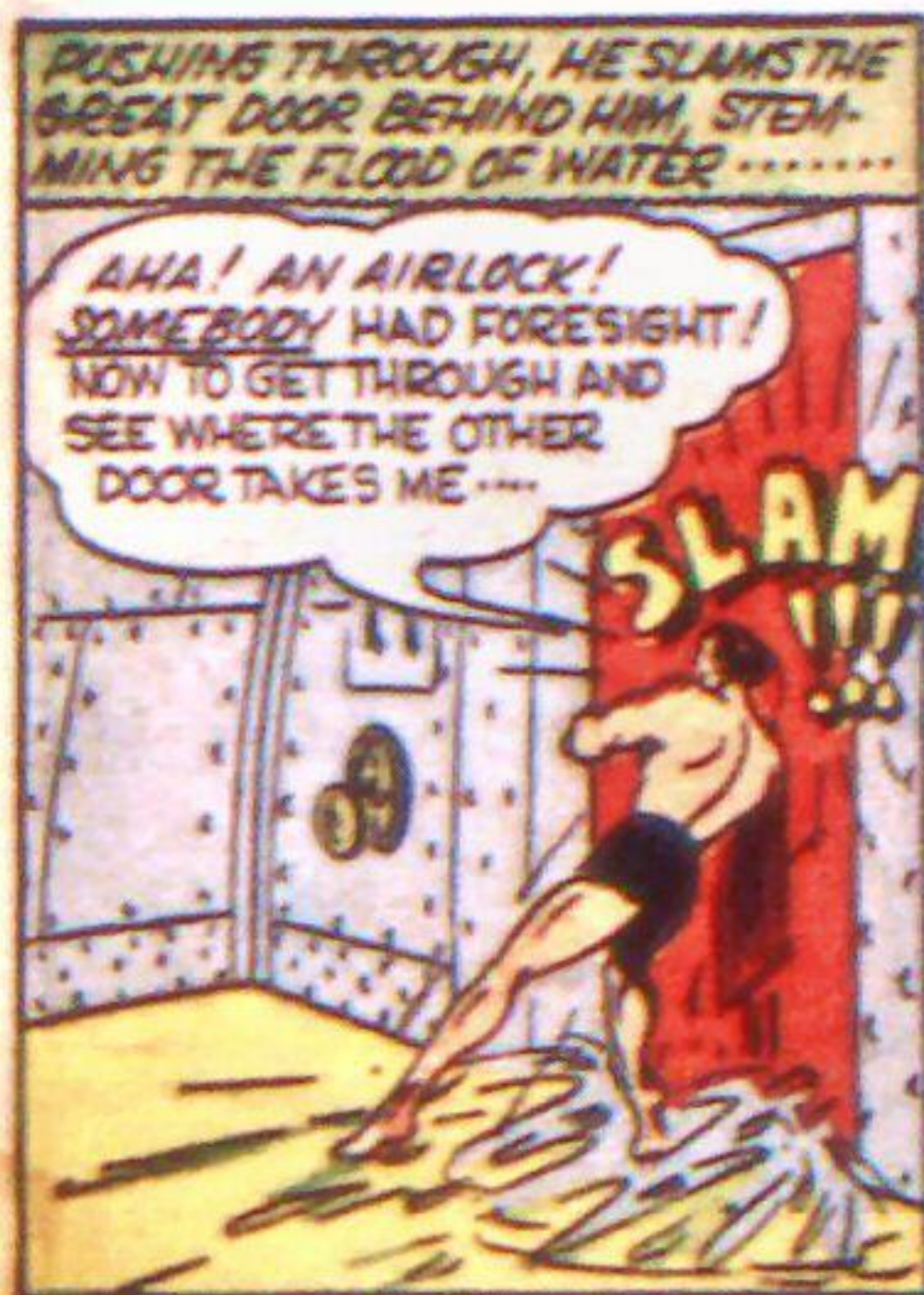
- AND IS AMAZED TO FIND HIMSELF IN A HUGE STEEL CHAMBER WHICH IS FLOODED WITH THE WATER FROM THE LAKE ---- ALL AROUND HIM FLOAT THE BODIES OF MECHANICS, DROWNED BY THE SUDDEN FLOOD!

MOTHER OF NEPTUNE! WHAT MANNER OF MESS IS THIS? ELECTRO-MAGNETS, BY GAR!



HE RACES TO A VALVE-LOCKED DOOR AND COMMENCES RAPIDLY TO TURN THE GOVERNING WHEELS...

SO! MY GUESS WAS CORRECT! NOW TO FIND MY WAY OUT OF THIS BRAINSTORM - WONDER WHAT THIS DOOR LEADS TO - ?



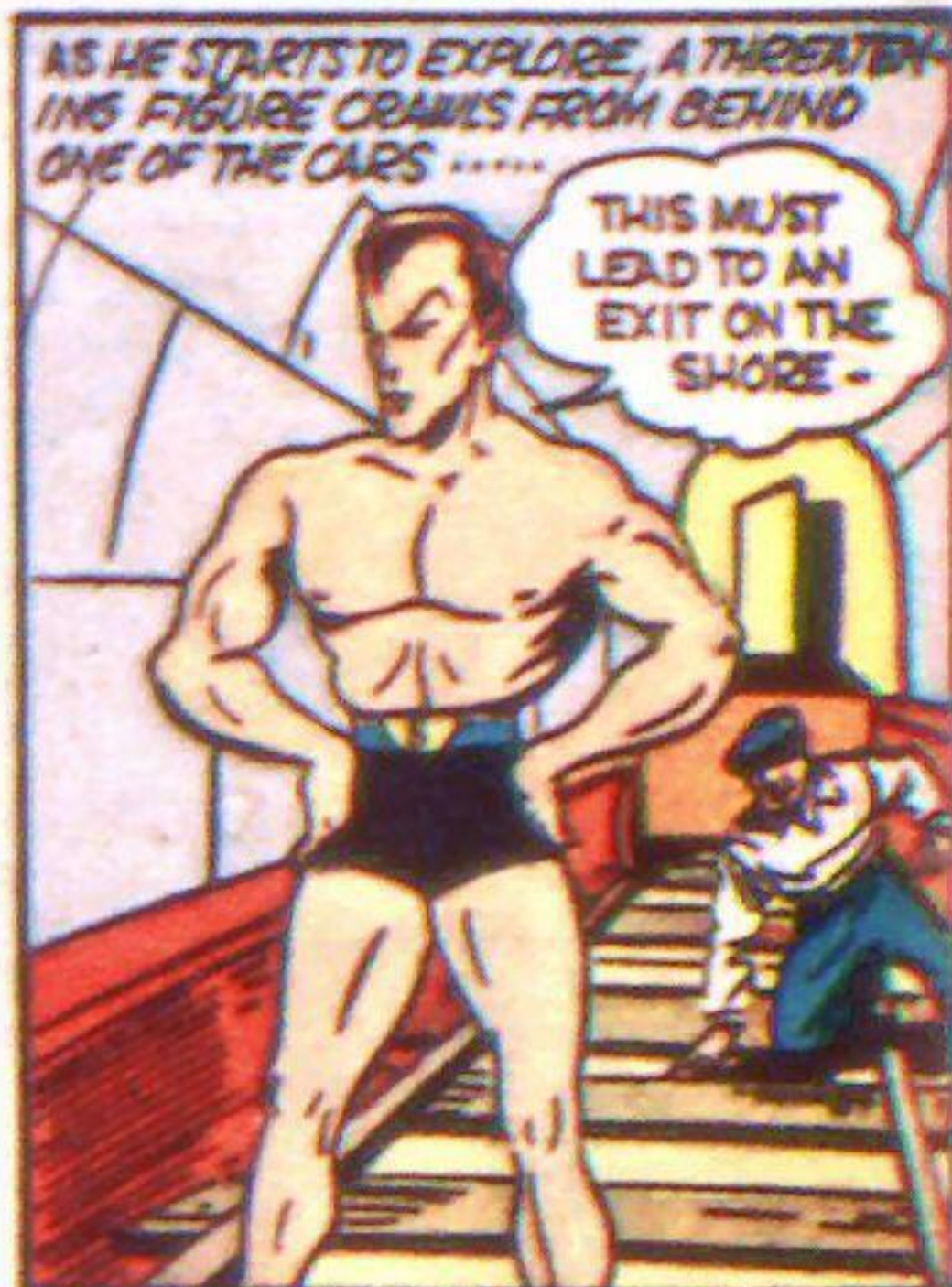
PUSHING THROUGH, HE SLAMS THE GREAT DOOR BEHIND HIM, STEMMING THE FLOOD OF WATER

AHA! AN AIRLOCK! SOMEBODY HAD FORESIGHT! NOW TO GET THROUGH AND SEE WHERE THE OTHER DOOR TAKES ME

SLAM!!!



HELLO! WHAT'S THIS? A MINIATURE SUBWAY! HOLY CATFISH - SOMETHING NEW EVERY MINUTE!



AS HE STARTS TO EXPLORE, A THREATENING FIGURE CRAWLS FROM BEHIND ONE OF THE CARS

THIS MUST LEAD TO AN EXIT ON THE SHORE -



.... AND LEAPS AT NAMOR'S BACK!

SO IT DOES, MISTER - BUT YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO SEE IT !!!

HUH?



- BUT WITH A NEAT JIU-JITSU FLIP, THE SUB-MARINER SENDS HIM SPRAWLING!

OH! A BACK-STABBER, EH? WELL, HERE'S ONE TRICK YOU JERRIES SHOULD HAVE LEARNED FROM THE JAPS!

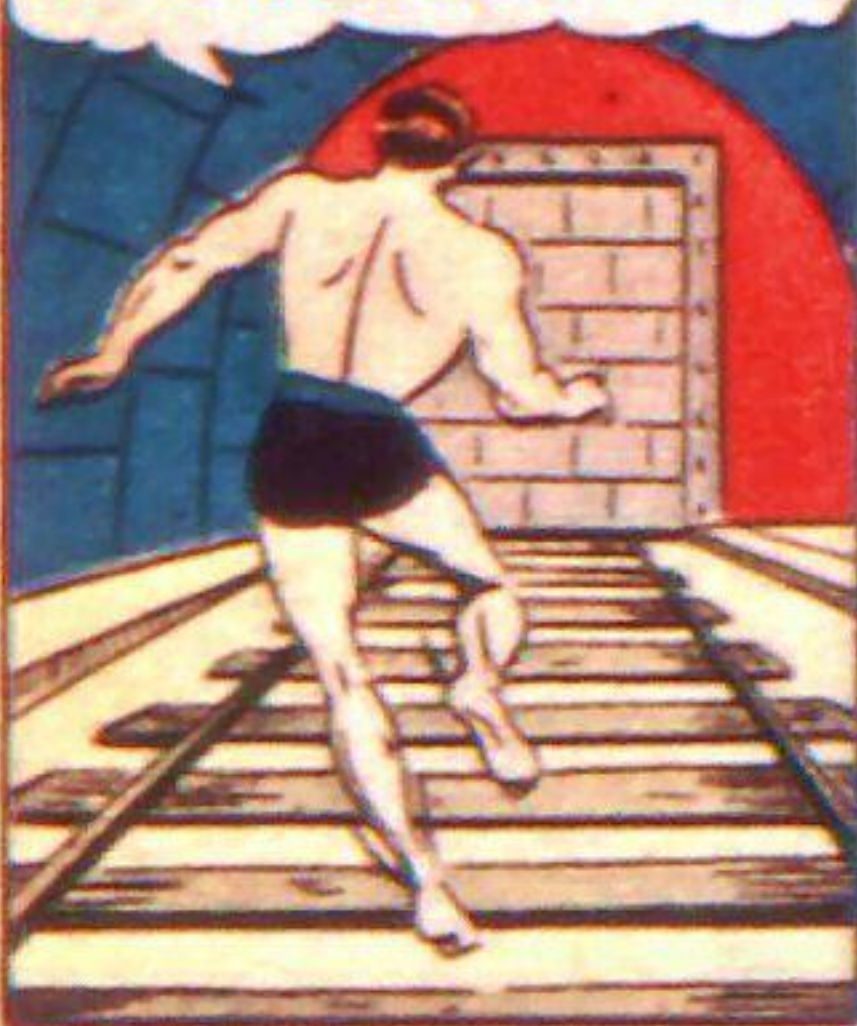


AND ANOTHER THAT COMES STRAIGHT FROM THE SUB-MARINER - PERSONALLY! SWEET DREAMS, SWEETHEART!

PONG!

AFTER "PUTTING THE BABY TO SLEEP," NAMOR RACES DOWN THE SUBWAY TUBE TO ANOTHER STEEL DOOR AT THE FAR END...

NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!



OH-OH! VOICES ON THE OTHER SIDE! THEY MUST HAVE HEARD THE EXPLOSION, AND HAVE COME TO INVESTIGATE — WELL, LET'S SEE WHO THEY ARE!



NAMOR'S EXTRAORDINARY STRENGTH BURSTS THE METAL BARRIER WIDE OPEN!

WOW!
STORM TROOPERS
!!!

WAS IST—?



WITH GLEEFUL FURY, NAMOR LEAPS INTO THEM, BELTING THEM ASUNDER!

WELL, WELL, WELL!!! THIS IS INDEED A PLEASURE, MY FAIRY-FEATHERED FRITZIES! HOW DO YOU DO!!!



IN A FLASH IT IS OVER, AND NAMOR WHEELS SHARPLY AT THE NOISE OF AN OPENING DOOR...

DOWN THIS WAY, BABY — I THINK I HEARD.....



NAMOR!

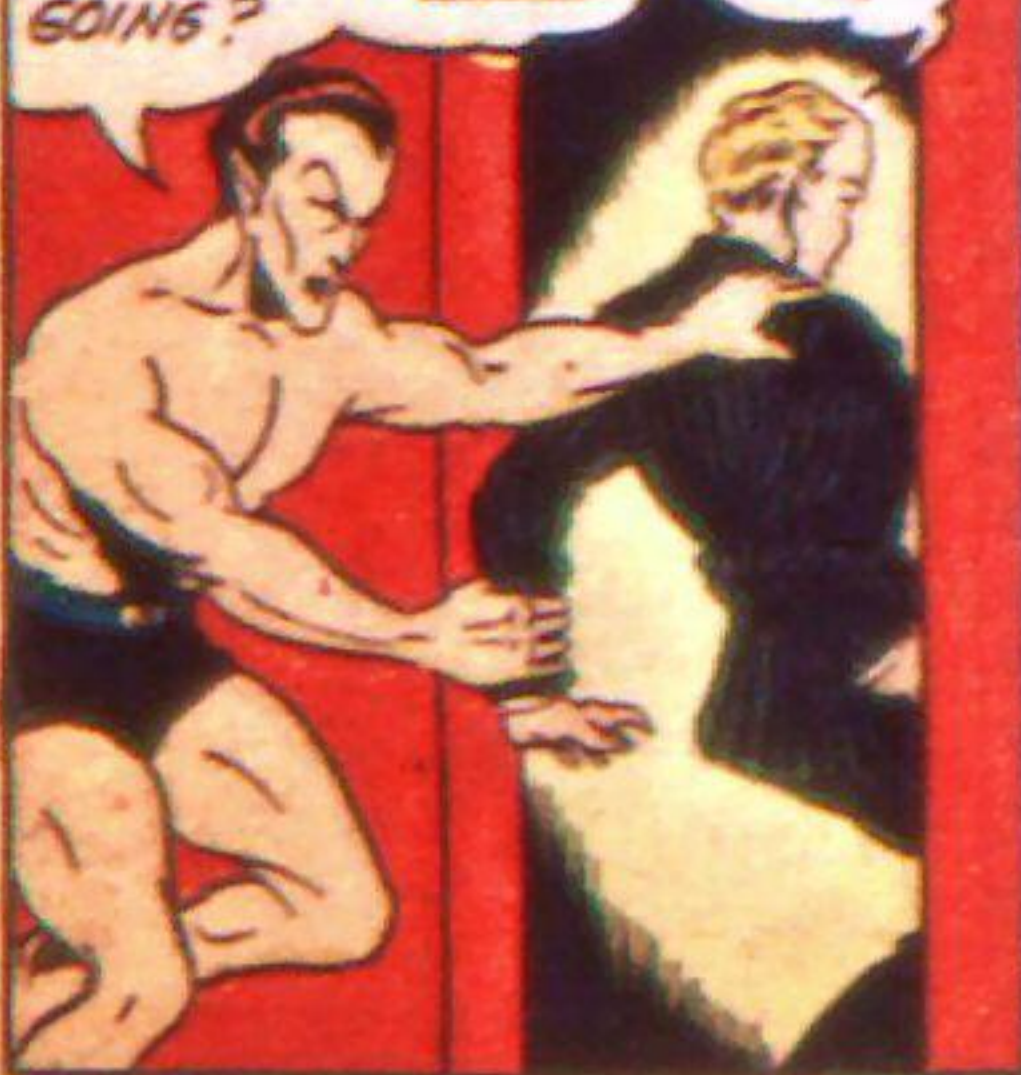
BETTY!
WHAT—?

OH-OH! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME!



HEY! WAIT A MINUTE, YOUNG FELLA! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

YLOW!
LET-ME-GO!



OKAY, PAL! I'LL LET YOU GO — TO SLEEP!

HURRY, NAMOR! FOLLOW ME!



SLAMMING THE YOUNG AGENT TO THE FLOOR, NAMOR TEARS AFTER BETTY — INTO THE ELEVATOR!

BUT WHAT—? HOW—?

NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS! I'VE GOT A FEW TO ASK, MYSELF! C'MON!



BOY, WE'VE REALLY GOT THIS JOB HOOKED FROM BOTH ENDS! THIS HOUSE SEEMS TO BE THE BASE OF OPERATIONS --- COME ON, I WANT YOU TO MEET THE BOSS!

I DON'T GET IT - WHY ARE YOU HERE?

BETTY LEADS NAMOR TO THE PRIVATE OFFICE

DONNERWETTER! VOT IST DER MEANINK OFF DIS? STOP WHERE YOU ARE!

GRAB HIM, NAMOR!

NAMOR LUNGES AS THE CAPTAIN FIRES POINT-BLANK!

DUCK, BETTY!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS LUG!

SO! YOU'RE THE BUM THAT'S CAUSING ALL THE TROUBLE, EH? WELL, BUDDY, YOU WON'T CAUSE ANY MORE! COME TO PAPA!

YEOW!

COME ON, LITTLE ADOLF, 'FESS UP! GIVE US THE LOWDOWN ON THIS ROTTEN DEAL BEFORE I SQUEEZE THE TONGUE RIGHT OUT OF YOUR HEAD!

YAWK!

I'LL TALK! I'LL CONFESS! ONLY TAKE DOZE HANDS OFF MEIN T'ROAT! --- GIFF ME DER PENCIL MITT PAPER - I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

OKAY - OKAY, PAL!
BETTY - CALL THE F.B.I.!
WE'VE GOT THE MYSTERY SOLVED!

HELLO - WASHINGTON? F.B.I. PLEASE! CHIEF? BETTY DEAN - YES - THE SUB-MARINER'S DONE IT AGAIN! WE'VE CAUGHT THE MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE AIRLINES TRAGEDY! YES - NAZIS!!!

AND SO ENDS ANOTHER
SUB-MARINER
ADVENTURE!
Watch for him again
IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF

**MARVEL
COMICS**

Terry Vance

The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH

IN

THE CASE OF THE TRANSPORT CRASHES!

and DR. WATSON

BY RAY GILL & BOB OKSNER

CRASH!

GLOBE PRESS

ANOTHER PLANE CRASHES

IS IT AT WAR
101 & 1100-1111

PLANE CRACKS UP NEAR
AIRPORT IN DENSE FOG

BY DEADLINE
DAWSON

BOTH TERRY VANCE, THE BOY OF A HUNDRED HOBBIES, AND HIS PAL, DEADLINE DAWSON, CUB REPORTER, HAVE BEEN CONNECTED WITH AVIATION LATELY. TERRY HAS DESIGNED A NEW, ALL-METAL MODEL PLANE... WHILE DAWSON HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO THE LOCAL AIRPORT.

WELL, DEADLINE GETS A BY-LINE! THAT'S SOME STORY THERE! HMM... WE MIGHT HAVE SAVED THAT SHIP IF WE HAD THIS RADIO CONTROLLED MODEL THERE!

HOW?

SIMPLE! A LIGHT MOUNTED IN THE TAIL WOULD HAVE DIRECTED THE PLANE IN BY RADIO CONTROL, SEE?

NOT ONLY THAT, BUT THIS LITTLE SHIP COULD CARRY EVERYTHING FROM SECRET MESSAGES TO MEDICAL SUPPLIES!

SAY, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO SHOW IT TO MAJOR DAHL?

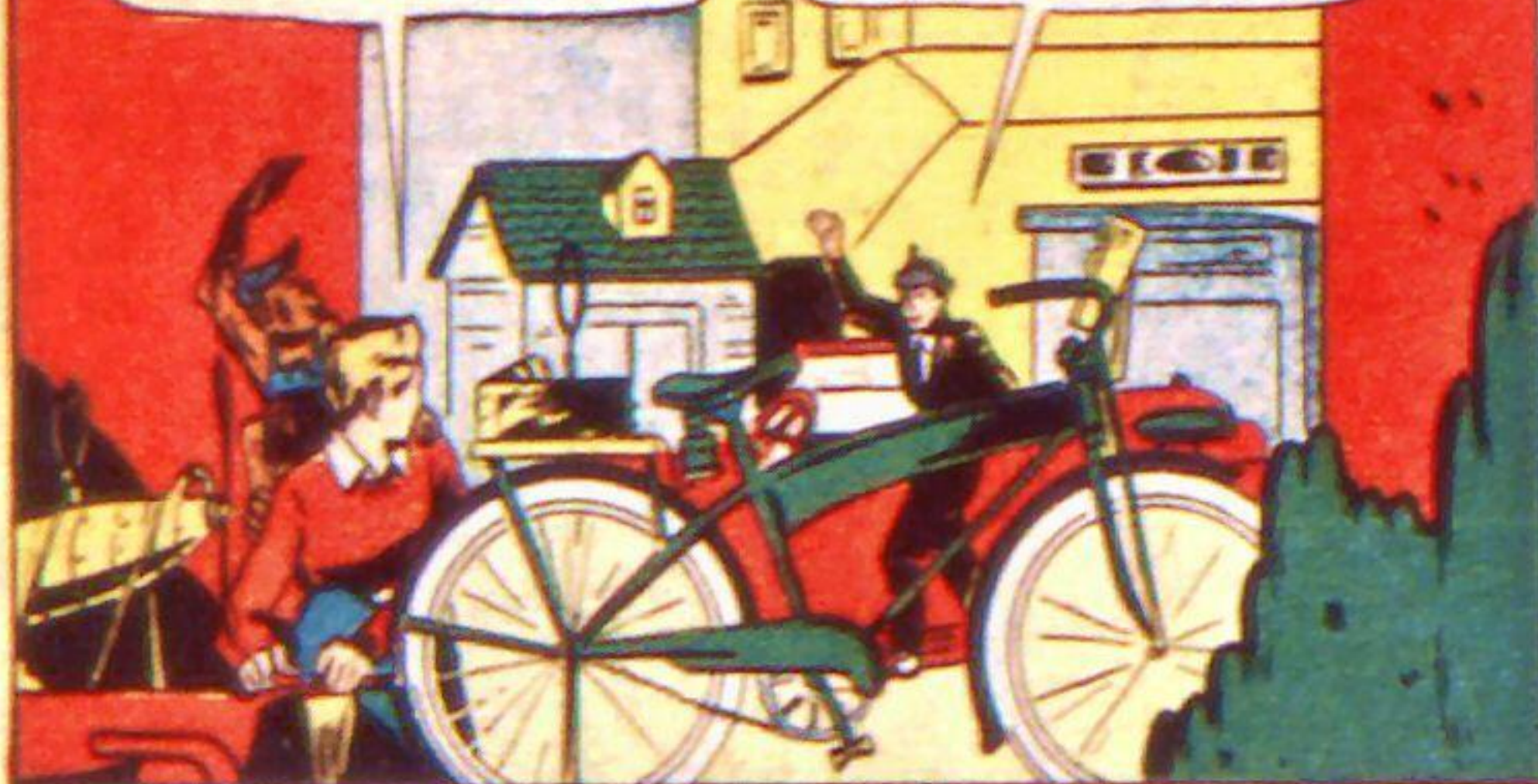
HE AND HIS DAUGHTER ARE DUE TO CHANGE FROM A WESTERN PLANE TO THE WASHINGTON PLANE AT TWO O'CLOCK! THEY'LL BE AT THE AIRPORT FOR ABOUT HALF AN HOUR!

SWELL! THAT WILL GIVE ME PLENTY OF TIME TO SHOW IT TO HIM!

TERRY RIGS UP A TRAILER TO CARRY THE MODEL PLANE...

YOU GO AHEAD
DEADLINE... I'LL MEET
YOU AT THE AIRPORT!

OKAY! I'LL HAVE TO
REPORT TO THE PRESS
DEPARTMENT ANYWAY!



ALL SET, DR. WATSON?
HERE WE GO!

CHUCK!
CHUCK!



WELL, THIS IS IT!
I GUESS WE CAN
GO RIGHT IN... OH!
THERE'S DAWSON
NOW!



WHAT'S THE
CHANCE OF
USING ONE OF
THE RUNWAYS
TO TEST THE
MODEL?

I THINK IT WILL
BE ALL RIGHT, BUT
WATCH OUT FOR THAT
BIG GUARD-HE'S
PLENTY TOUGH!
SEE YOU LATER.

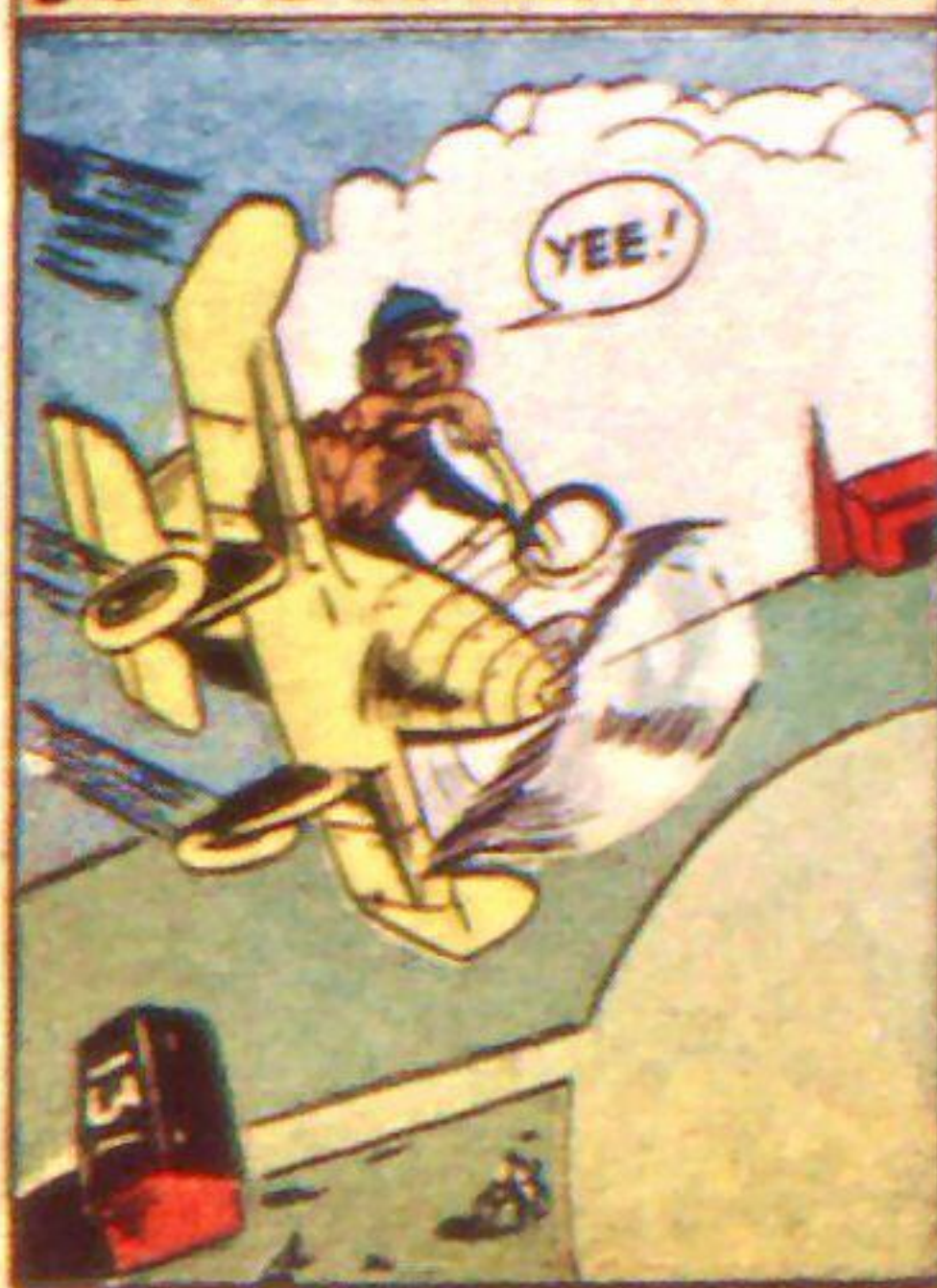


TERRY GIVES THE MODEL ITS FIRST TEST.

HOLD TIGHT.....
YIPEEEE! YOU'RE OFF!



THE PLANE RESPONDS BEAUTIFULLY.



HERE!
WHAT DO
YOU THINK YOU'RE
DOING?

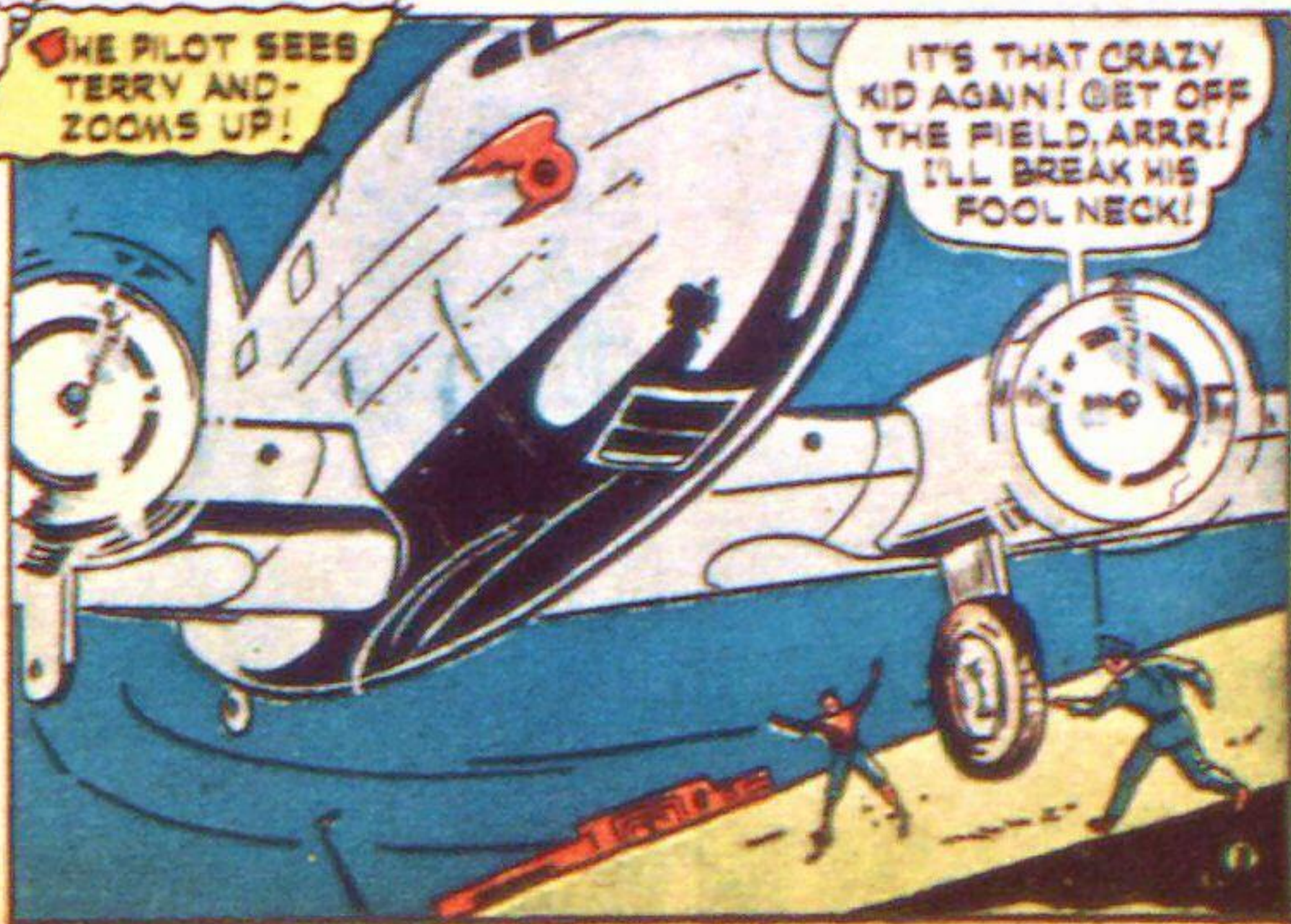
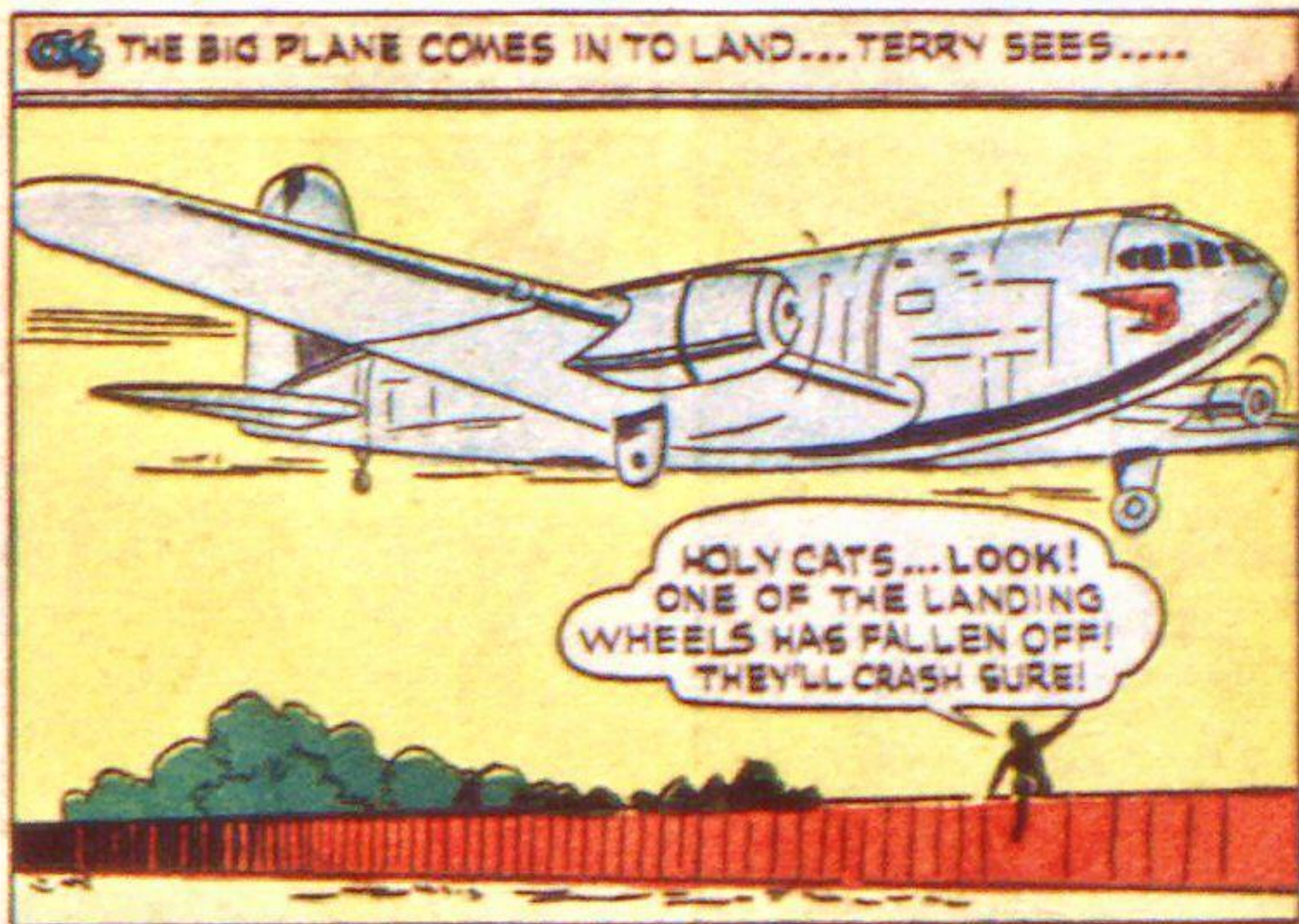
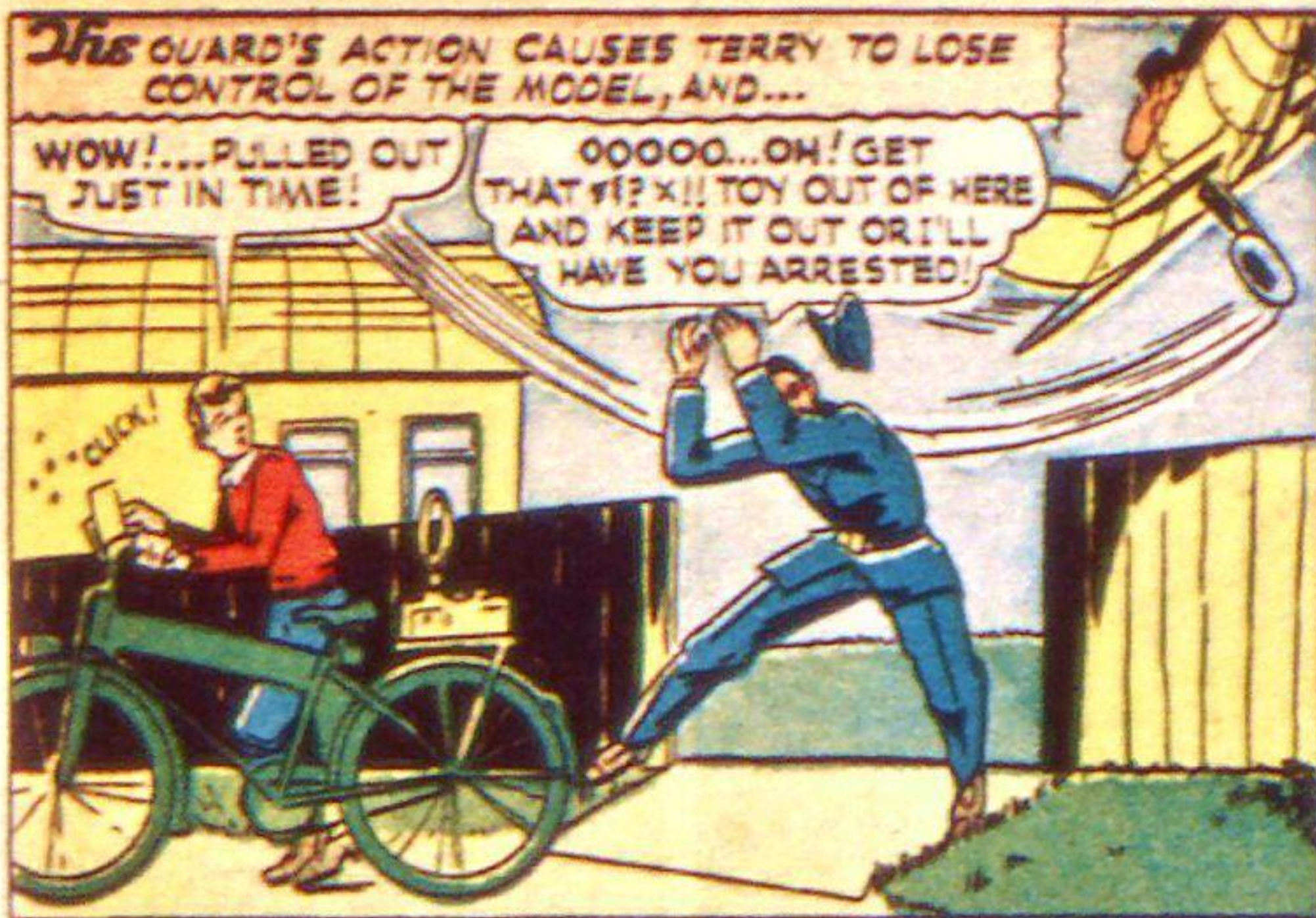
WHAT...?
I WAS
ONLY
TESTING
MY RADIO-
CONTROLLED
MODEL
PLANE!

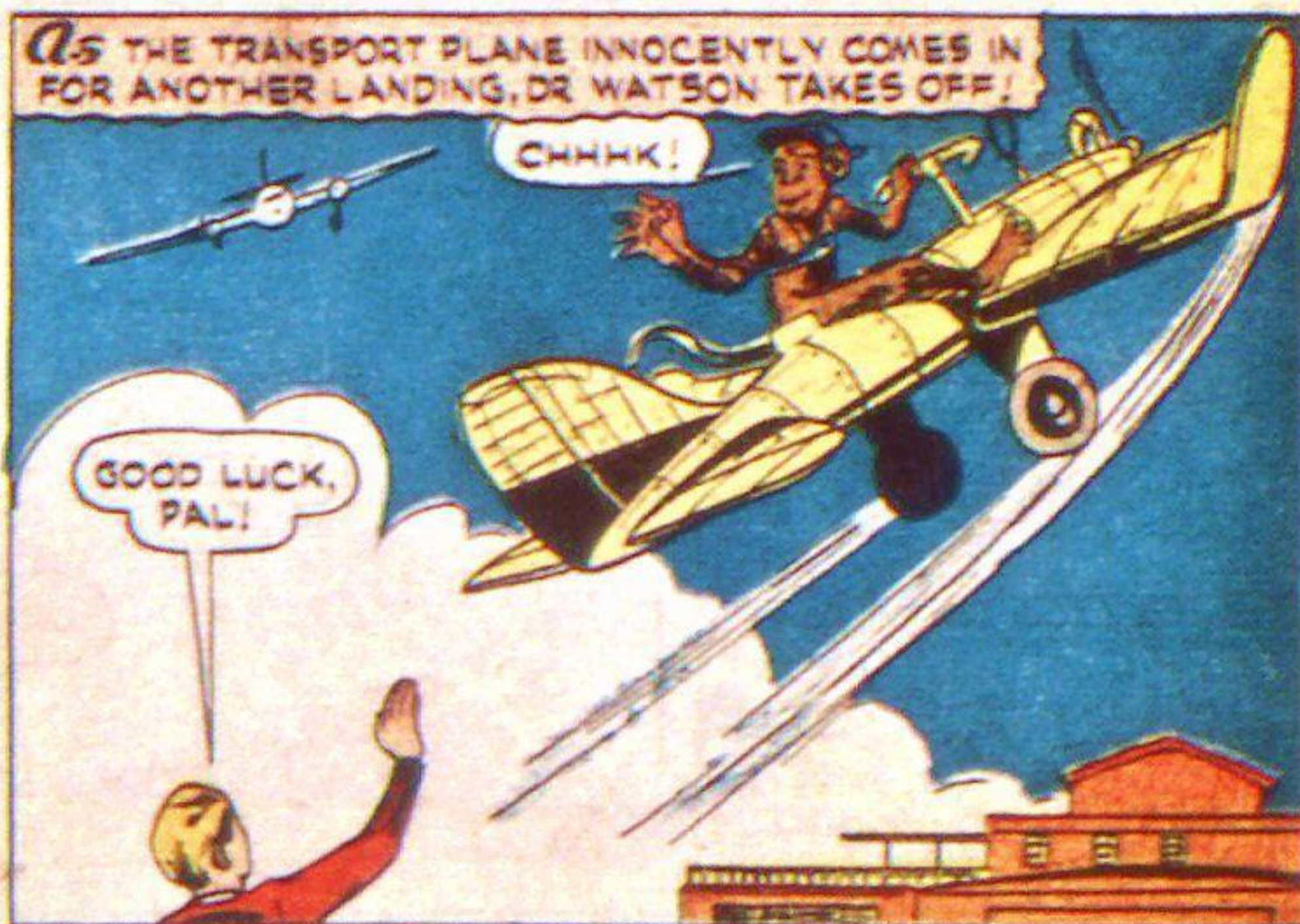


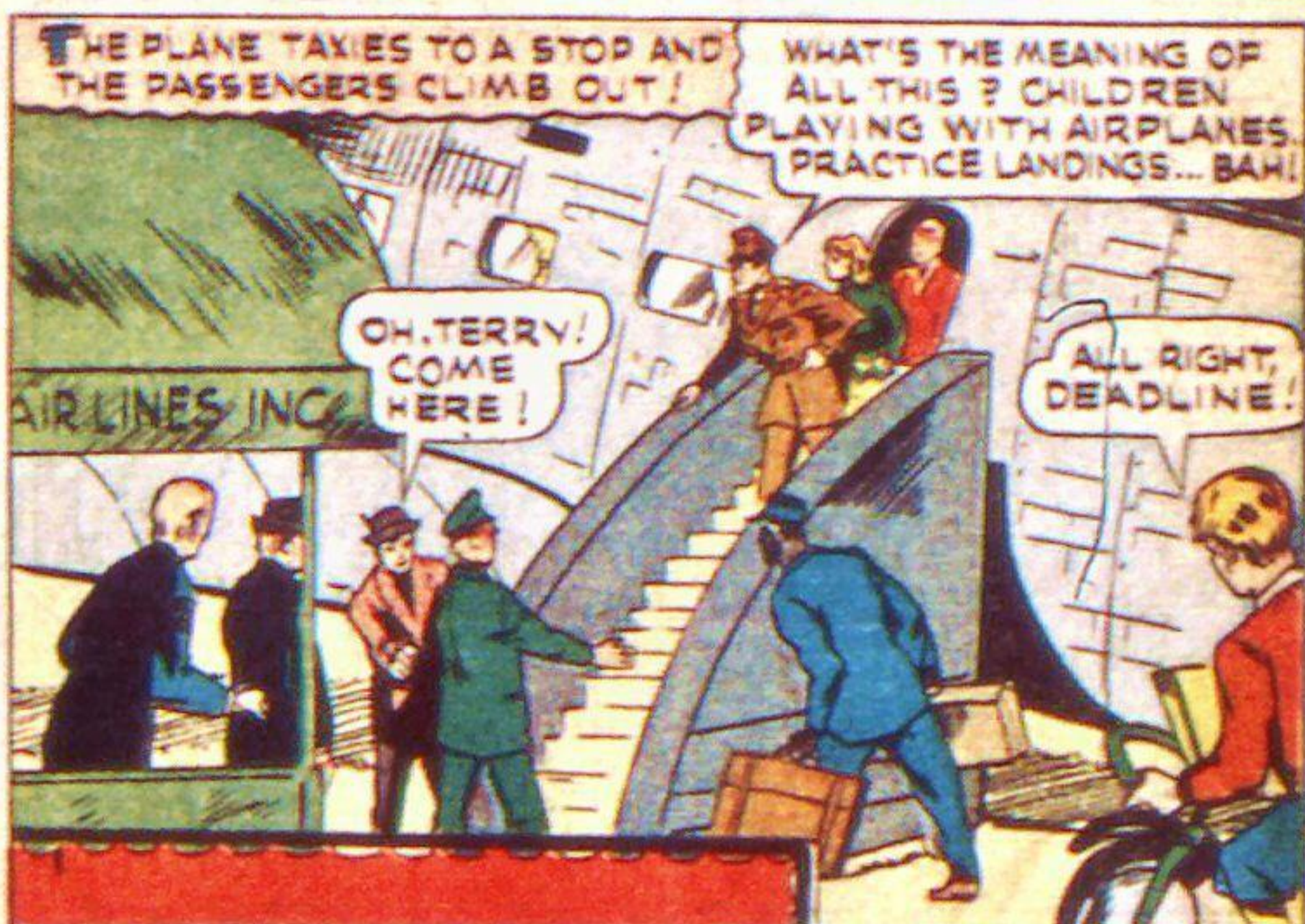
THAT'S JUST TOO
BAD...WE DON'T
MAKE THIS FIELD
FOR FLYING
KITES!

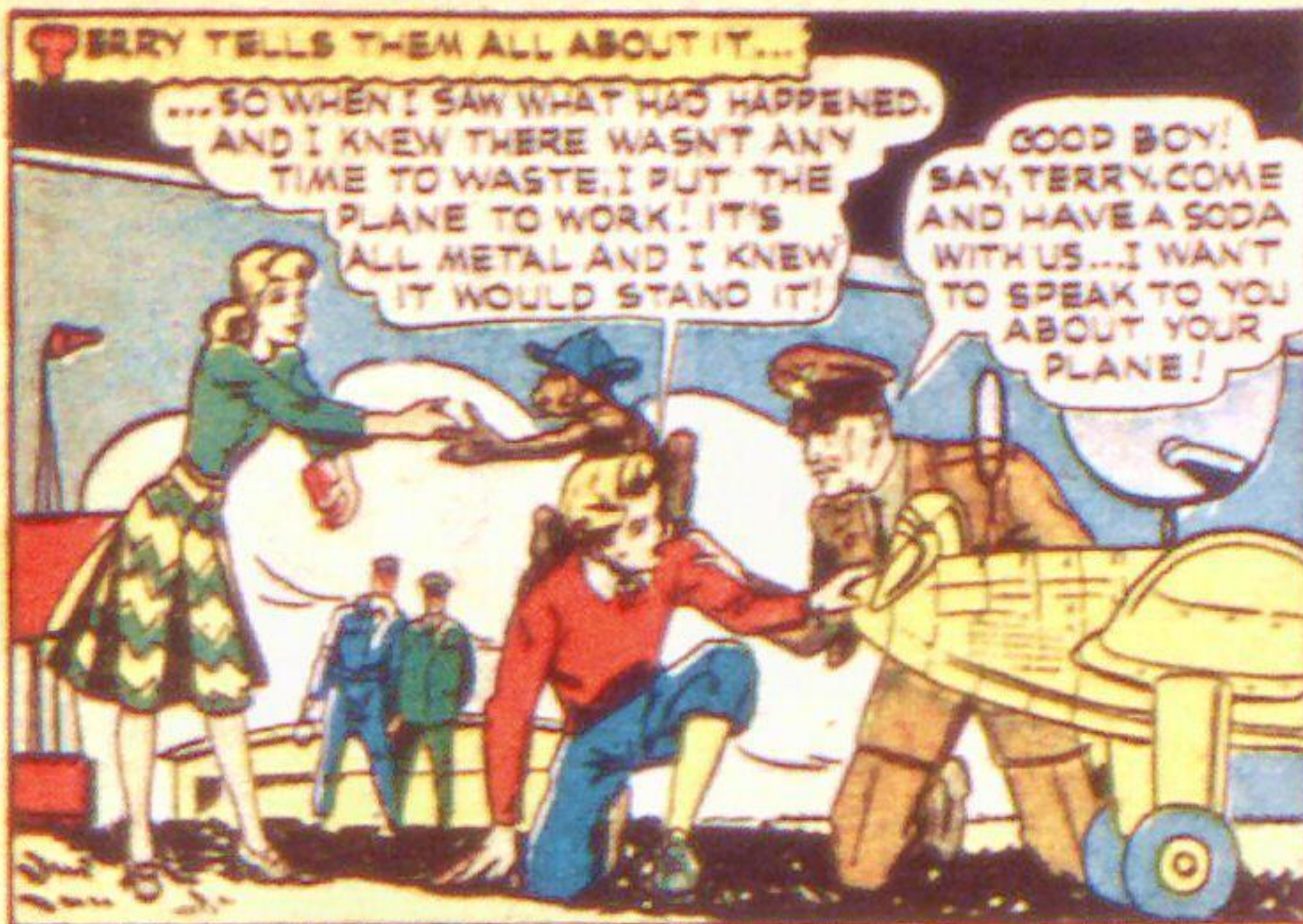
OH! OH!
THE PLANE IS
OUT OF CONTROL
AND COMING
THIS WAY!











20 MILE DEADLINE IS IN THE DRUG STORE...TWO MEN QUICKLY UNTIE THE MODEL PLANE.

QUICK, YOU FOOL! BEFORE THEY CATCH US!

YA! YA!



TERRY GIVES THE DETAILS OF HIS PLANE TO THE STAFF.

IT SOUNDS ALL RIGHT! CAN YOU GIVE US A DEMONSTRATION?

THE MODEL HAS BEEN STOLEN!

YES...



GOSH TERRY! I WAS ONLY GONE A MINUTE!

SKIP IT, DEADLINE! I THINK! CAN HAVE IT BACK IN A JIFFY! I'VE A PORTABLE CONTROL PANEL HERE WITH ME!



TERRY'S PORTABLE RADIO GOES INTO ACTION!



ACH! IT'S FLYING OUT BY ITSELF!

The SURPRISED DRIVER LOSES CONTROL OF THE TRUCK AND IT CRACKS UP!

HERE SHE COMES!

CMON! THE TRUCK HAS HIT A POLE!

IT CAME OUT OF THE TRUCK!



WHO ARE THESE MEN?



The MAJOR READS THE PAPERS TAKEN FROM THE BODY OF THE DRIVER.

TERRY... THIS EXPLAINS EVERYTHING! THESE MEN WERE FOREIGN AGENTS. THEY HAVE A RECORD OF SABOTAGE ON FIVE RECENT PLANE CRASHES! INCLUDING THE ATTEMPT YOU FRUSTRATED! GOOD WORK, BOY!



IT WAS AN ACCIDENT SIR!

NEVER MIND THAT... YES COLONEL? YES... WELL THAT'S FINE!

MORE GOOD NEWS TERRY!



I'VE JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT YOUR DEMONSTRATION HAS BEEN ACCEPTED AS SATISFACTORY BY THE BOARD... THE ARMY WILL USE YOUR PLANE!

I'M GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE, SIR!



FURTHER AMAZING ADVENTURES OF **TERRY VANCE** WILL APPEAR IN NEXT MONTH'S **MARVEL COMICS**



THE STORY *Behind* THE COVER



TORO looked very excited. "Gosh, Torch," he cried, "take a look at this telegram that just came for you!"

"Let me see it, kid," answered the Human Torch, getting up from his chair, wondering what could have been in the telegram to excite the Flaming Kid. The Torch read the telegram aloud:

"Our nation is in the gravest danger stop you and Toro are the only ones who can help us stop in the name of Democracy come at once stop signed A Dymopolis Greek Minister."

The Torch looked at Toro excitedly. "Of course we can't refuse to help! Let's go!" In a flash the Torch and Toro turned on their flames and were zooming out of the window toward the Atlantic, headed for one of their greatest adventures!

ARRIVING in Greece, the two flaming friends immediately flew to the offices of the Greek Minister. There they found Mr. Dymopolis waiting for them. He was able to speak to them in perfect English.

"My friends," said the Greek Minister, "Greece is in the gravest danger! We are sorely in need of food and supplies and every ship which our English allies send us laden with supplies gets sunk in the Mediterranean!"

"We feel that the Nazis have some terrible new weapon which they are using upon our shipping, but we can't discover what it is. And that is why we have summoned you!"

Toro looked at the Torch eagerly. "Gee, Torch," he exclaimed, "a terrible new weapon! And it'll be our job to find it!"

"And to destroy it at any cost!" added Mr. Dymopolis.

THAT AFTERNOON saw two flaming figures flashing across the sky above the Mediterranean Sea. Their speed was so great that they left a trail of flame and smoke behind them which could be seen for miles. They flew for hours, soaring, gliding, and dashing below the floating clouds.

Suddenly Toro cried, "Torch, look! Down there! A floating buoy!" Instantly the Torch and Toro swooped down upon the buoy. When they landed upon it the Torch exclaimed, "Gosh, kid, there's something mighty peculiar about having a buoy in the middle of the Mediterranean. I think we'll hang around here for awhile!"

Toro turned off his flame and clung to the buoy contentedly. "Oh, buoy," he laughed, "this is the life!" The Flaming Kid laid on the buoy with his eyes shut and let his hand trail in the water, enjoying every second of his rest.

HUMAN TORCH and TORO ATTACK the NAZI FLOATING FORTRESS

"Torch, look at this!" suddenly Toro grasped the Torch's arm, excitedly!

"What is it, kid?" asked the Torch, puzzled.

"This!" said Toro. "My hand was trailing in the water and I felt this wire tube underneath the buoy!" Toro showed The Torch a long, thin wire which ran from the bottom of the buoy down into the water.

The Torch peered down into the water. "I think you've discovered something important, Toro!" he said. "Now we've got to find out where this leads to. I have a hunch that when we discover that, we'll know a lot more about the Nazi secret weapon!"

At that moment a speck appeared over the horizon. "Look, Toro," cried the Torch, "a British convoy is coming this way! If this buoy has any connection with that secret weapon, things'll be happening pretty soon!"

As though in answer to the Torch's words, a spout of water flew up a few feet from the two flaming friends, and a roaring noise was heard. The Torch and Toro looked on in amazement, astonished at what they saw!

From the very depths of the sea, a gigantic steel hull was rising up! Each moment it rose higher and higher until it was the size of a small house! All around it were huge guns and torpedo tubes, ready for instant action!

"Torch, do you see what I see?" asked Toro, in alarm. "Is that a fortress rising out of the sea?"

"Yes, kid, it is," answered the Torch. "And I'm beginning to understand the whole thing now! This buoy we discovered was planted here by the Nazis. When a convoy passes, an electro-current registers in that wire which you found, warning them. Then they raise their fortress and attack the convoy with their long-range guns!"

Toro was still puzzled. "But what raises and lowers the fortress?" he asked.

The Torch pointed to two enormous shells which protruded from the round top of the Nazi creation. "Those two shell-like things are air-suction tubes," he explained. "When the Nazis want to submerge they draw air into the fortress thru the tubes by means of pumps. And when they want to come to the surface, they simply pump the air out again which makes the fortress lighter than the water and raises it! But we haven't got time to gab, Kid!" The Torch soared into the air. "We've got work to do. Let's go!"

By this time the British convoy was getting closer and the torpedo tubes were being aimed in the direction of the largest ships.

"I'll put a stop to that!" cried the Torch! In

a flash he sent a fire-ball whizzing toward the torpedo-tube, turning it into a mould of useless, molten lead. A second fire-ball destroyed another torpedo-tube.

"Torch, we haven't time to destroy all the guns!" yelled Toro. "I've got a better idea!"

Making his flame as hot as he could, Toro dived down toward the fortress. "I'll try to discover a way to fill the air-suction tubes with water," he thought. "That'll sink the fortress and save the convoy!"

But an alert Nazi sentry saw the Flaming Kid zooming toward the tubes. "Himmel!" he cried. "It is a dot American young Torch! He's coming to wreck der fortress! Quick, turn on der suction tube und trap him!"

Instantly, the suction-tube was turned on, and the tremendous pull of the air reduced Toro's flame so much that it was almost useless. He felt himself being drawn into the tube by the inrushing air, and was powerless to free himself!

But the Torch, flying overhead, saw Toro's plight. "Toro'll be crushed inside the air-pump!" he cried. "I've got to save him!"

Without a second thought, the Torch plunged down toward the fortress! Down, down, down he went, with the wind whistling in his ears and a trail of flame behind him! Then, he crashed the Fortress!

His flaming body cut thru the steel walls like a bullet cutting thru cardboard. In one swoop he had penetrated a side of the fortress and had come out on the other side!

At once, water began rushing in thru the gaping holes which the Torch had made. Everywhere the Nazis deserted their guns and ran about in a vain effort to escape the sinking fortress! Then, the Torch zoomed upward and caught Toro just as the lad was about to be drawn into the tube, pulling him to safety.

From high in the sky the Torch and Toro watched the Nazi fortress slowly sink out of sight, with the British convoy drawing closer to pick up survivors. At last the Torch tapped Toro. "Let's go, kid," he said. "Our work's about finished here!"

A WEEK LATER the Torch and Toro were back in New York. "Aw gee, Torch," Toro was saying, "Let's go down to the circus."

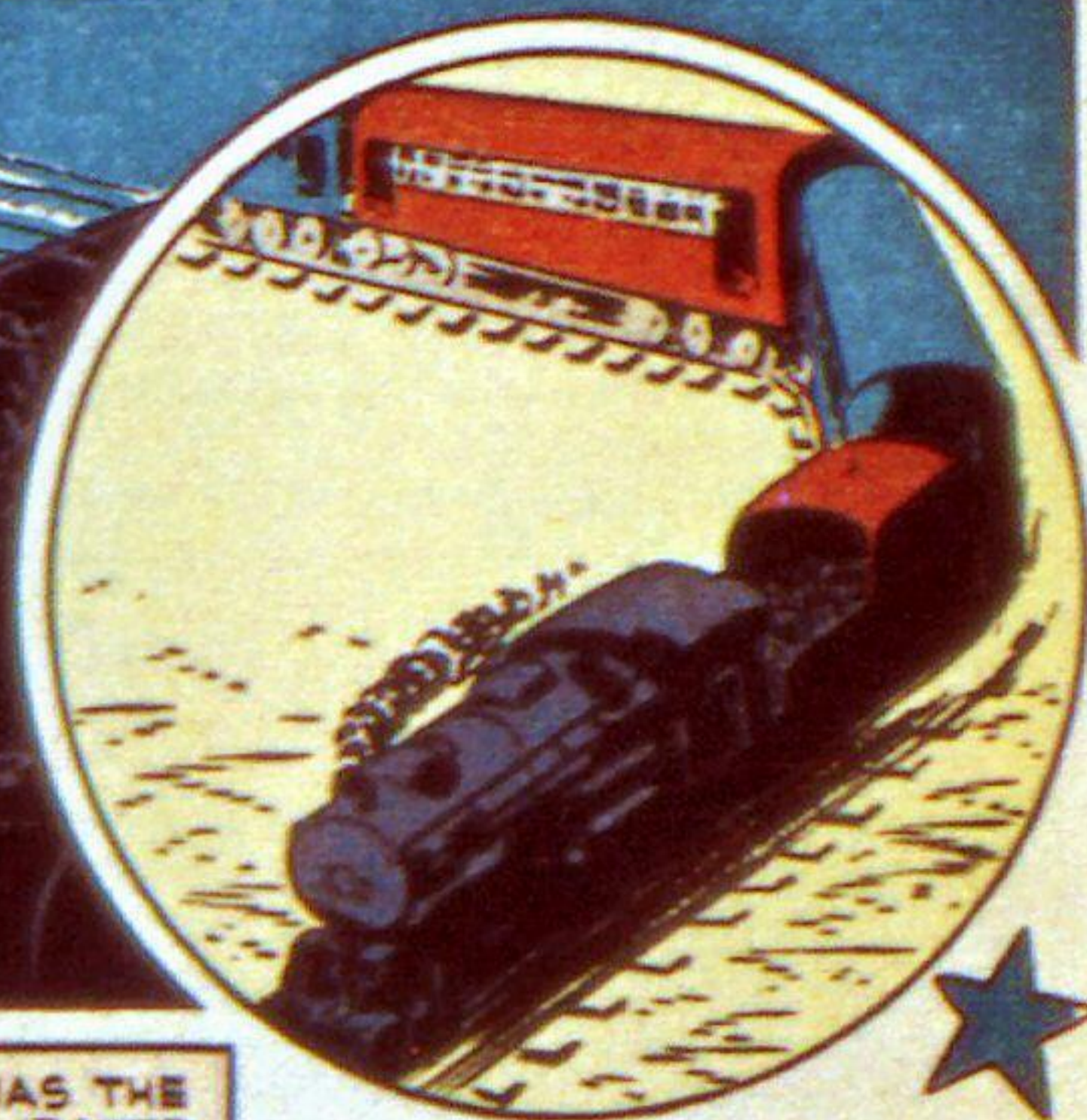
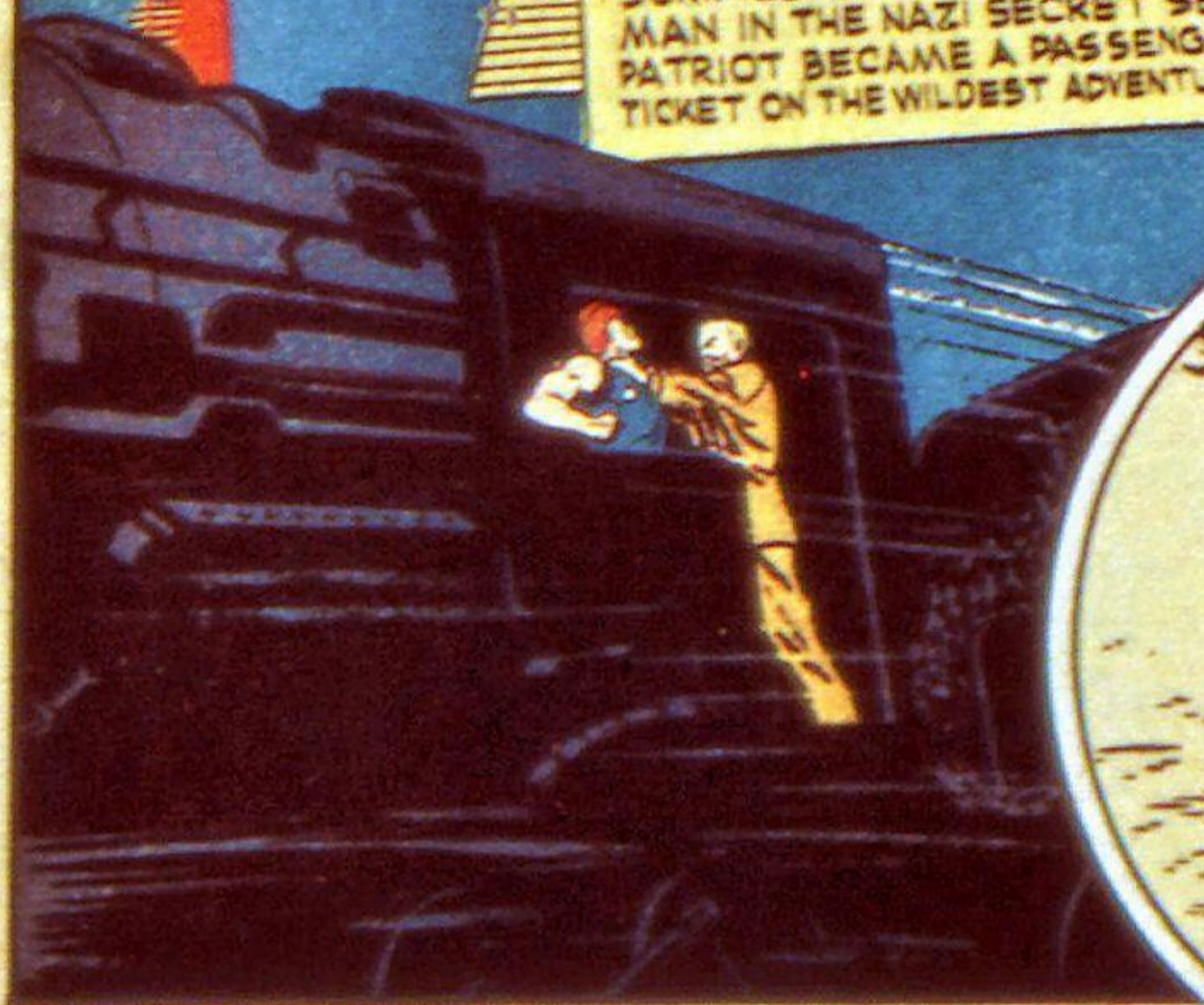
The Torch looked at Toro with a grin. "O.K. kid," he said, "as long as it's not too exciting. You know how such things upset me! Ha ha!"

END

The PATRIOT

"DANGER AHEAD..."

THIS WAS THE SIGNAL THAT FLASHED RED AS THE DEPORTEE TRAIN HURTTLED ACROSS THE RAILS... FOR DEATH RODE IN THE FIRST CAR! DEATH, PERSONIFIED BY THE MOST DESPERATE, CUNNING MAN IN THE NAZI SECRET SERVICE! AND WHEN THE PATRIOT BECAME A PASSENGER, HE GOT A ONE-WAY TICKET ON THE WILDEST ADVENTURE IN HIS CAREER!



Meanwhile... MARY, AND JEFF MACE... ALIAS THE PATRIOT... WAIT IN A CORRIDOR OF THE CONSOLIDATED PRESS BUILDING FOR THEIR PAL, CASEY... HE APPEARS IN A HURRY, AS USUAL!

SORRY, KIDS! NO NIGHT CLUB FOR ME! I JUST DREW AN ASSIGNMENT TO BOARD THE DEPORTEE TRAIN TO INTERVIEW LIEUTENANT HEINRICH VON BETZ, FORMERLY OF THE GERMAN CONSUL'S OFFICE ON THE WEST COAST!

ASK "HEINIE" IF HE PLAYS BRIDGE... WE COULD USE HIM FOR A DUMMY!

GOODIE! WE'LL GO WITH YOU!



DUMMY? NOT HIM! HE ALWAYS PLAYS WITH A STACKED DECK! THEY SAY HE'S THE SLICKEST ARTICLE IN THE GESTAPO... THAT'S WHY HE'S GETTING THE GATE! SO IF YOU WANT A LESSON IN SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITY... LET'S GO!



CASEY'S JALOPY TAKES THE TRIO TO THE JERSEY RAILROAD TERMINAL.



LOOK AT THE FLOCK OF REPORTERS! AND MY BOSS TOLD ME TO GET AN EXCLUSIVE!

WHY NOT GO TO HARVILLE STATION BY AUTO? I HEAR THE TRAIN'S GOING TO STOP THERE!

NOT A BAD IDEA, JEFF!

THE SIMON LEGREE ON MY CITY DESK WOULD SEND ME HERE AN HOUR EARLY!

MEANWHILE... IN THE FIRST CAR OF THE DEPORTEE TRAIN, LIEUTENANT VON BETZ, BORED WITH THE TRAIN RIDE... PLANS TO ESCAPE.



THIS GAS BOMB SHOULD BREAK THE MONOTONY!

DONNING A MASK, THE 'GENIAL' NAZI TOSSES HIS BOMB...



AGGR!

HELP! I'M CHOKING!

DON'T WORRY... IN A LITTLE WHILE YOU'LL STOP CHOKING! NOW TO GET THAT GUARD'S RIFLE!

LEAVING BEHIND A TRAIL OF DEATH... VON BETZ JUMPS TO THE COAL CAR!



I'D BETTER UNCOUPLE THE TRAIN BEFORE DEALING WITH THE GENTLEMEN IN THE ENGINE CAB...

SOMEONE'S UN-COUPLED THE TRAIN!

YEA... LOOK! A KEINIE WITH A GUN!

I WILL HAVE YOU UNDERSTAND, THAT I DO NOT LIKE TO BE CALLED UNCOMPLIMENTARY NAMES!



DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?

UGH! BOOH!



YOU KILLED HIM!

YOU OUGHT TO THANK ME FOR PROMOTING YOU! WE'LL SWITCH TO ANOTHER TRACK. THEN, AS ENGINEER, YOU REVERSE AT TOP SPEED!



CASEY AND COMPANY ARRIVE AT HARVILLE STATION...THE REPORTER SPOTS AN IMMIGRATION OFFICER WITH A PRISONER....



I'M FROM THE CONSOLIDATED PRESS, INSPECTOR! HAS THE TRAIN ARRIVED YET?

SHE'S NEARLY TEN MINUTES LATE! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! ENGINEER JENKINS IS ONE OF THE BEST ON THE LINE!

LOOKS LIKE YOUR BRAINSTORM TURNED INTO AN APRIL SHOWER, JEFF!

DEAR MARY ALWAYS MY CRITIC!

SECONDS PASS LIKE HOURS...

HO! HUM! WAITING FOR TRAINS ALWAYS MAKES ME WEARY... THINK I'LL GO FOR A SPIN IN YOUR CAR, CASEY, WHILE YOU AND MARY MAINTAIN THE VIGIL... OKAY?

I WATCH OUT FOR HITCH-HIKERS, DARLING! THEY LIKE RICH YOUNG MEN... ESPECIALLY BLONDES!

OKAY WITH ME!



PHIEW! CASEY'S JALOPY DOES THE SHIMMY BETTER THAN A HULA DANCER!

JEFF'S ATTENTION IS CALLED TO SOMETHING AHEAD...



THERE'S THE TRAIN NOW... BUT THE ENGINE'S MISSING...

HEY! WHAT'S WRONG?

AN INSPECTOR, FROM THE PLATFORM OF A COACH, CALLS OUT TO JEFF...

VON BETZ HIJACKED OUR LOCOMOTIVE! HE'S GOING THE OTHER WAY! BETTER GET SOME HELP! THERE'S FIFTEEN DEAD IN THE FIRST CAR!



OFF COME JEFF'S CIVILIAN DUDS REVEALING THE PATRIOT...



I HAD A SUSPICION SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAD HAPPENED... DO YOUR STUFF, JALOPY!

SIXTY... SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR, AND THE JALOPY ALMOST FLIES, AS THE GAS PEDAL IS PRESSED TO THE FLOOR! SLOWLY, THE CAR APPROACHES THE FLEEING LOCOMOTIVE...



WOW! THE SPEEDOMETER STOPPED WORKING! JUST HOLD TOGETHER A FEW MINUTES MORE, TIN CAN... WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE COMPANY... PERHAPS THE GENTLEMAN IN THE... AH... LIMOUSINE WOULD RACE A BULLET? WE SHALL SEE...

AS THE STRAINING JALOPY DRAWS AHEAD OF THE LOCOMOTIVE, VON BETZ INDULGES IN SOME TARGET PRACTICE...



AT SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR PATRIOT LEAPS OUT OF THE CAR



PATRIOT'S HANDS CLUTCH THE CAB WINDOW... VON BETZ RAISES THE RIFLE TO CLUB HIM... BUT THE FIREMAN GOES INTO ACTION!



THE FIREMAN FALLS--SO DOES VON BETZ!

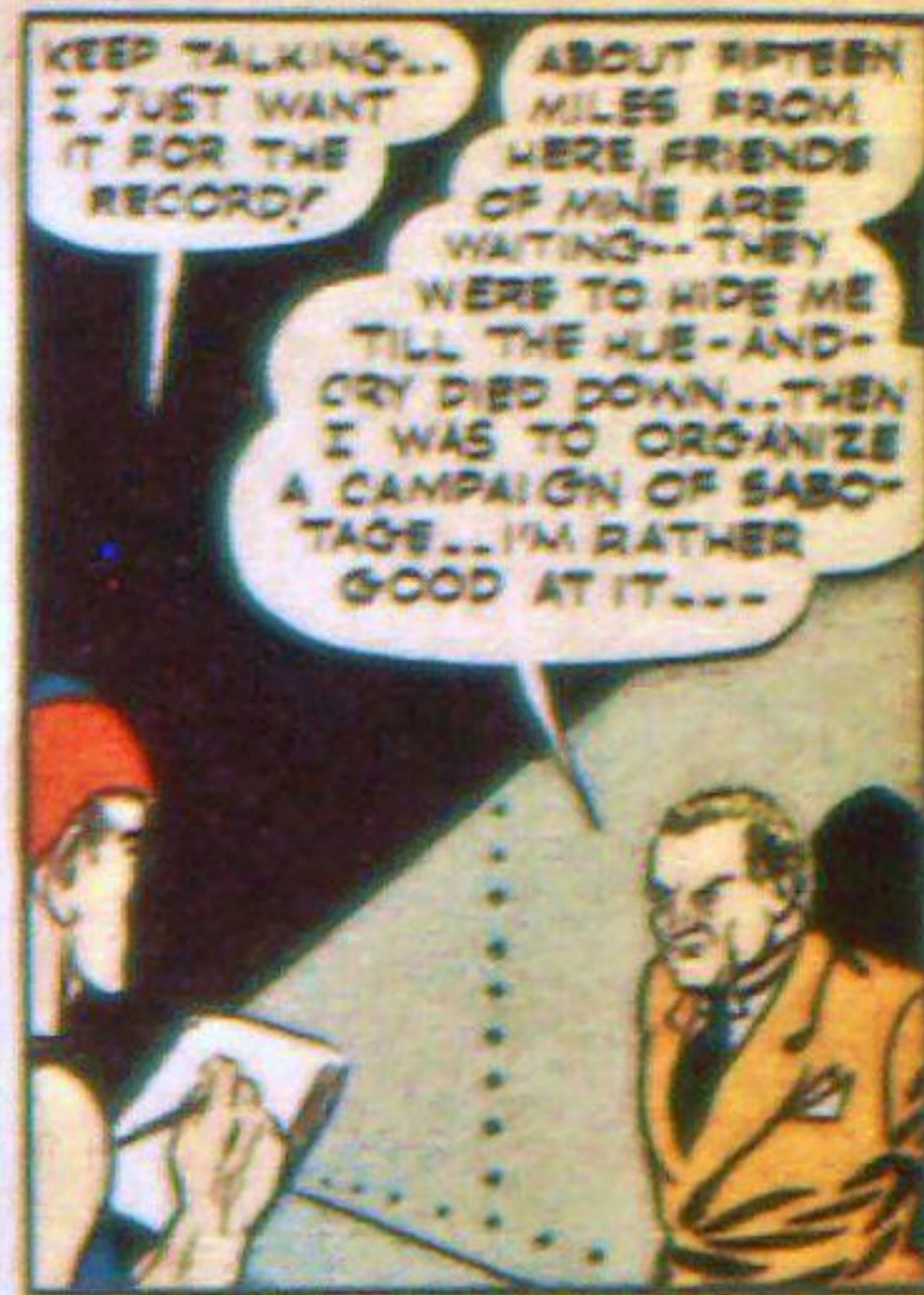


RECOVERING, VON BETZ SEIZES THE FIREMAN'S SHOVEL AND LEAPS TO HIS FEET...



POUNCING ON THE DAZED PATRIOT, VON BETZ LAUGHS AS HE RAISES HIM OVERHEAD.





NEXT MONTH-MORE ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURES OF THE PATRIOT IN MARVEL COMICS!

ADVENTURES OF

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
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KAZAR

THE GREAT



KA-ZAR HAS REDUCED HIS GREAT ARMY OF ANIMALS TO ONLY THE APES AND ELEPHANTS.

BACK....STAY BACK! IF YOU CHARGE UPON THOSE TANKS NOW THEY WILL DESTROY YOU! THERE ARE MANY TROOPS AND BIG GUNS FOLLOWING THE TANKS!



ALTHOUGH THE ANIMALS WANTED TO ATTACK THE ENEMY, KA-ZAR WISELY HELD THEM IN CHECK!

.... NOW, THE ENEMY HAS CAMPED AND I WILL LEARN WHY THEY ARE HERE!



TRAJAH... YOU MUST HOLD THE OTHERS IN READINESS UNTIL I ORDER AN ATTACK...UNTIL THEN, STAY HIDDEN, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS!



FOR HOURS KA-ZAR WATCHED THE ITALIAN CAMP..... FINALLY HE SELECTED THE TENT THAT SERVED AS GENERAL HEADQUARTERS AND CREEPT IN!

EMPTY! NOW'S MY CHANCE!



MADS.... AND A PLAN OF ACTION! SO....THEY INTEND TO AMBUSH AND DESTROY A BRITISH FORCE THAT IS NOW PUSHING ITS WAY THROUGH ITALIAN EAST AFRICA FROM KENYA!



IF THE ENGLISH CONTINUE THEIR MARCH, THEY WILL SEPARATE EAST AFRICA FROM THE ITALIAN SOMALILAND! BUT, THE ITALIANS HIDDEN IN THE NARROW UGANDA RIVER VALLEY CAN SLAUGHTER MY COUNTRYMEN WHEN THEY COME DOWN OUT OF THE HIGH COUNTRY!



CAPTAIN! WHO IS THIS PERSON?



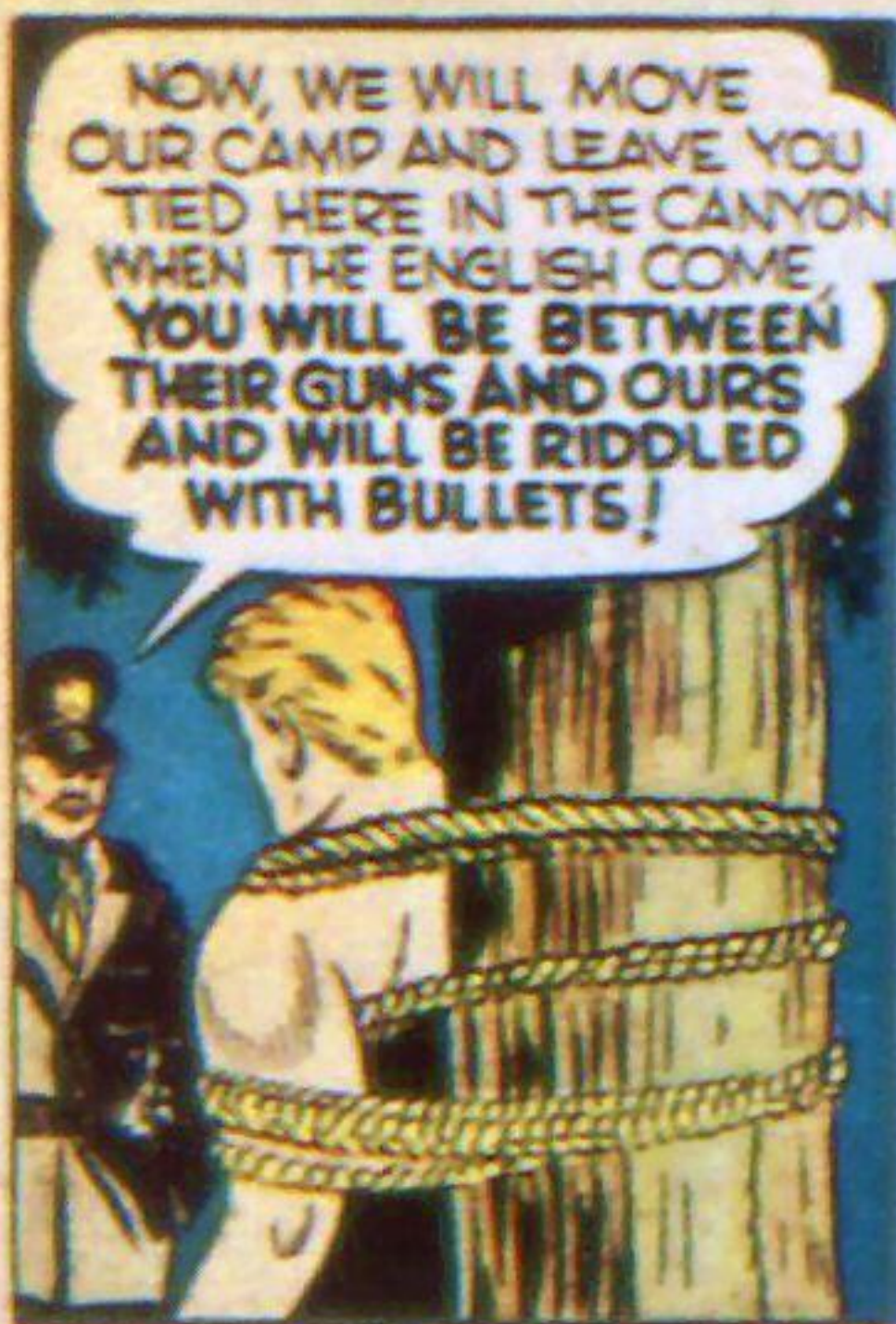
DISCOVERED!

SORRY...I'D LIKE TO STAY FOR A SPAGETTI DINNER.... BUT, I MUST BE LEAVING!



OOF!







A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION FOLLOWS!

MILLIONS OF TONS OF WATER POUR OUT OF THE BROKEN DAM!

BOOM!

FINALLY, HE ESCAPES!

THAT WAS CLOSE!

THERE IT GOES.....
THAT WATER WILL SOON HIT THEM!

K-A-ZAR IS SWEEPED AWAY.....

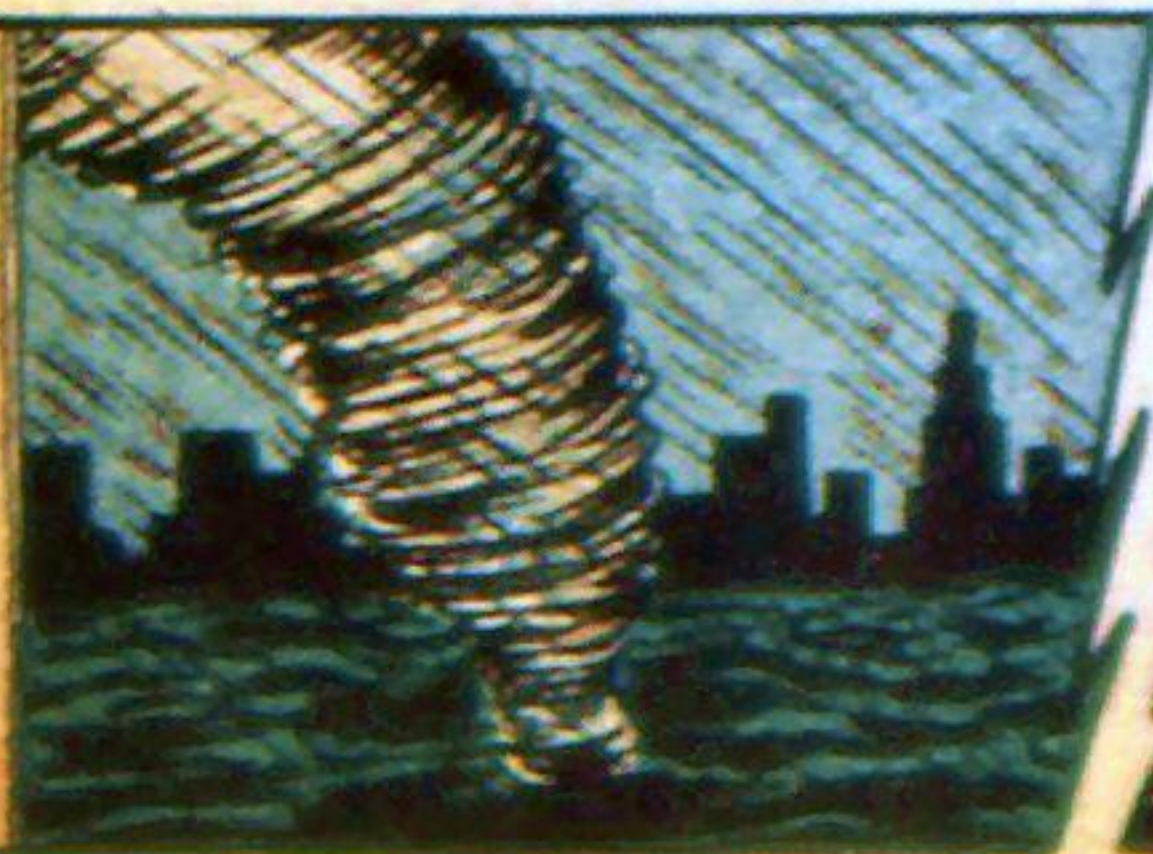
THE ROARING FLOOD WATERS WIPE OUT THE ITALIANS!

NOW THE ENGLISH CAN ADVANCE SAFELY!

NEXT MONTH—
More
K-A-ZAR
ADVENTURES
!!



FROM THE STORMY REACHES OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN, A TERRIFYING TORNADO SWEEPS DOWN ON A SEACOAST CITY--



CUTTING A PATH OF DESTRUCTION, THE TWISTER TEARS INLAND!



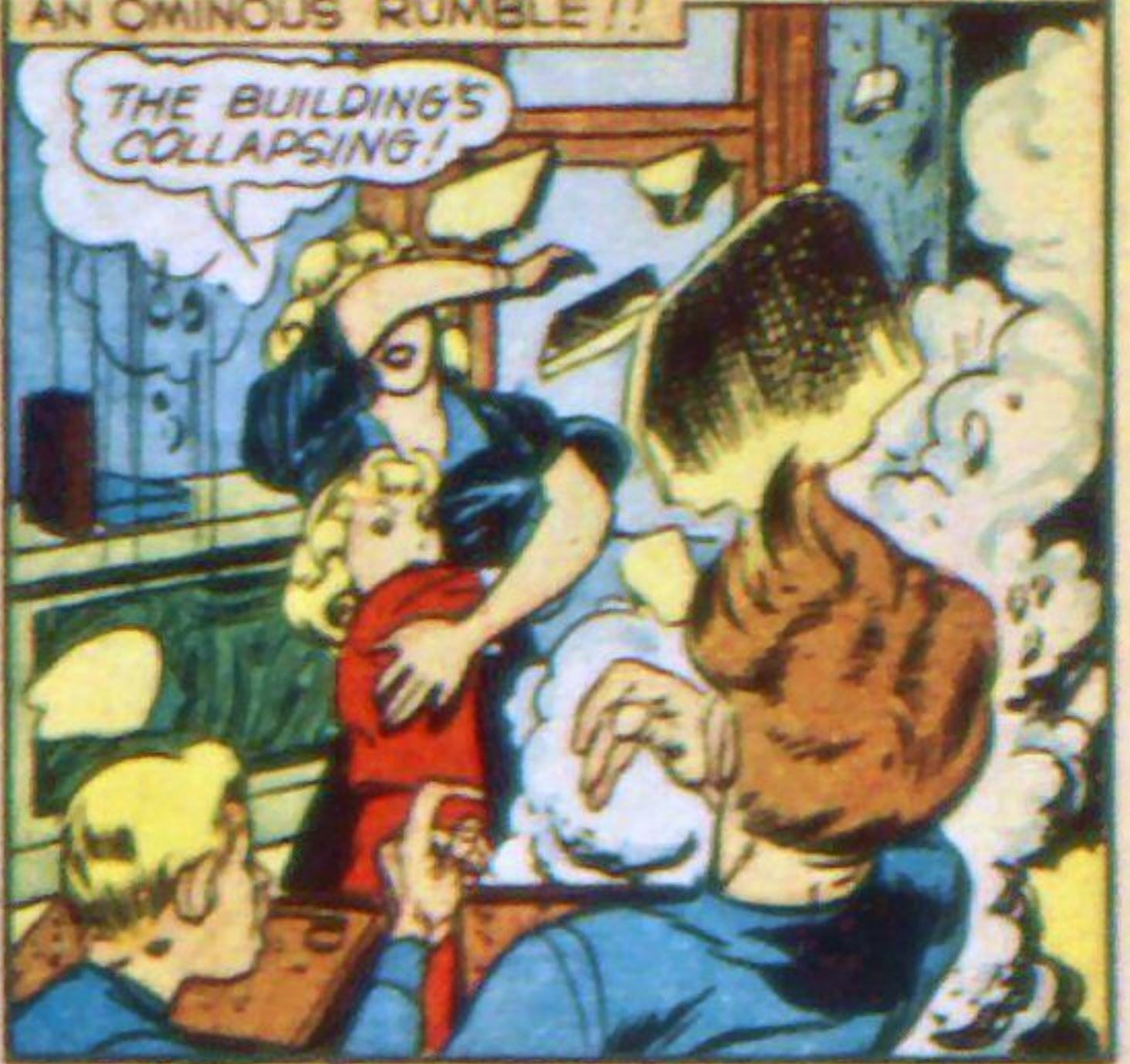
SECONDS LATER, POLICE HEADQUARTERS RECEIVES AN URGENT MESSAGE!

YOU BIRDS SAY THE TWISTER'S HEADIN' FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL NO 61? WELL, THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY. THAT'S A NEW BUILDING--ALL BRICK, STEEL AND FIREPROOF! TEN TORNADOES COULDN'T TEAR IT LOOSE!



BUT ONE TORNADO SEEMS TO SUFFICE--IT STRIKES WITH TERRIFIC FORCE, AND THE BUILDING STARTS TO GIVE--THERE IS AN OMINOUS RUMBLE!!

THE BUILDING'S COLLAPSING!



DISLODGED BY THE TWISTER, THE SCHOOL BOILER ERUPTS IN AN INFERNO OF HEAT AND FLAME



THE SCHOOL BUILDING BECOMES A VERITABLE HADES AS THE SHRILL, FRIGHTENED SCREAMS OF THE TRAPPED CHILDREN AND TEACHERS ECHO ABOVE THE ROARING FIRE...



THE GRIM SPECTRE OF DEATH SHRIEKS IN SILENT GLEE AT THE CARNAGE AND DESTRUCTION...



SUDDENLY, UP FROM THE BLACK PALL OF SMOKE RISING FROM THE BLAZING SCHOOL ZOOMS THE VISION!



I HOPE I'M IN TIME TO SAVE SOME LIVES! POOR KIDS!

Movine
AT LIGHTNING
SPEED, THE
VISION
RESCUES
SCORES OF
CHILDREN!

THERE'S THE
VISION, HANK!
GET A SHOT OF
HIM!

FUNNY--
AND WE THOUGHT
THIS WAS THE BEST
BUILDING IN TOWN!
BUILT WITH
GOVERNMENT
FUNDS, TOO!
GUESS WASHINGTON
WILL INVESTIGATE.

FURTIVELY, ONE OF THE SPECTATORS FLEES
FROM THE SCENE...

I'D BETTER NOT STAY
ANY LONGER! IF ANYONE
RECOGNIZED ME AS THE
ENGINEER WHO DESIGNED THAT
BUILDING, I'D BE MOBBED!
I'D BETTER WARN
PAGET!

A HALF HOUR LATER IN THE DOWN-
TOWN OFFICES OF THE PAGET
CONSTRUCTION COMPANY...

THAT'S A FINE
WAY TO COME INTO
MY OFFICE! WHAT'S
UP, COLGAN?

THE NEW SCHOOL
WE BUILT-- IT'S
COLLAPSED! -- AND
THE VISION'S
AFTER US!

THE VISION? YOU
MEAN THE GUY
WHO JUMPS OUT
OF SMOKE?
HOLY
MACKEREL
!!

I'M SCRAMMING 'TILL
THIS THING BLOWS OVER!
MEANWHILE, YOU CAN BE
PRESIDENT OF THE
COMPANY, COLGAN

PRESIDENT
YOU MEAN
FALL GUY!

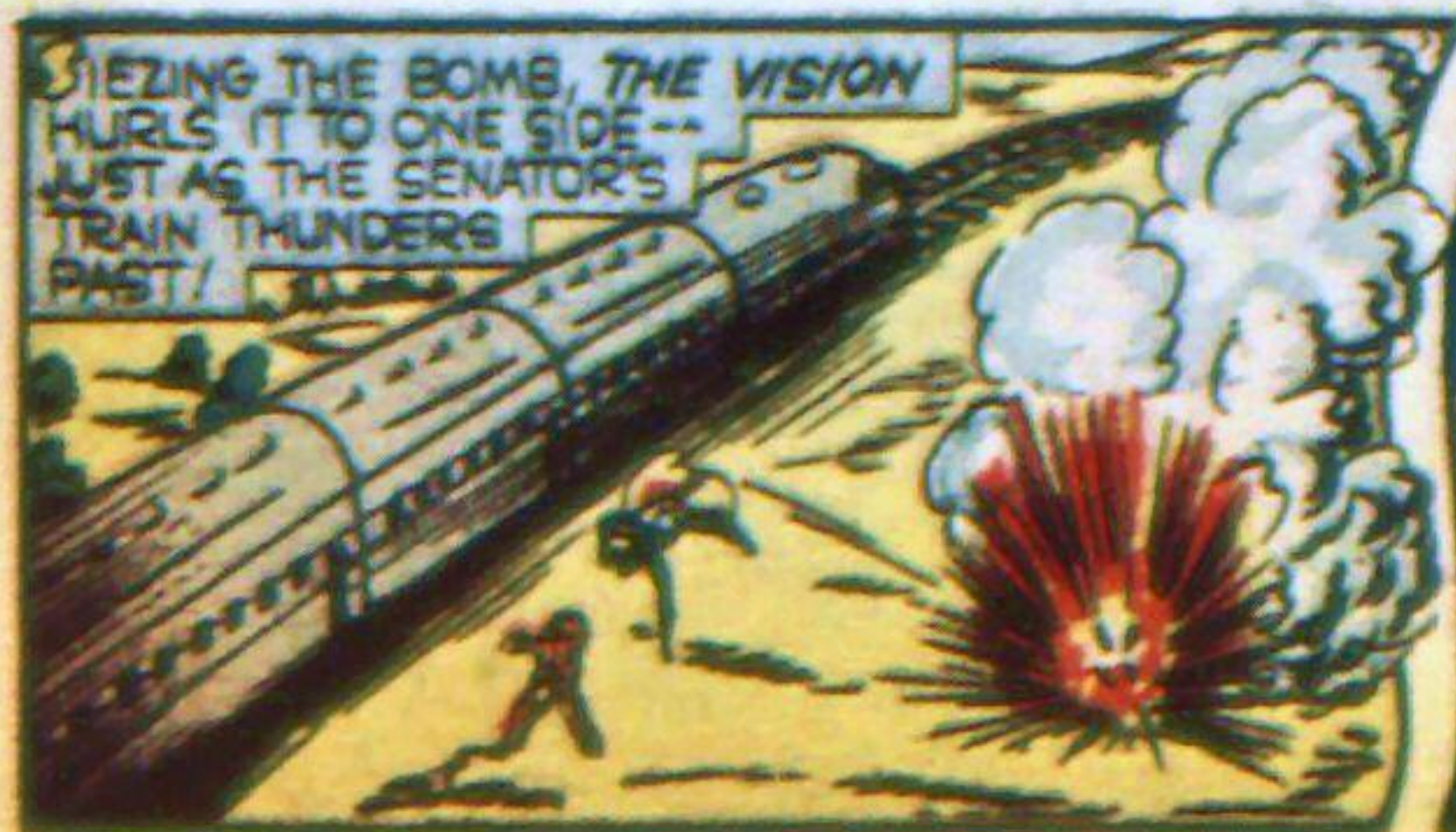
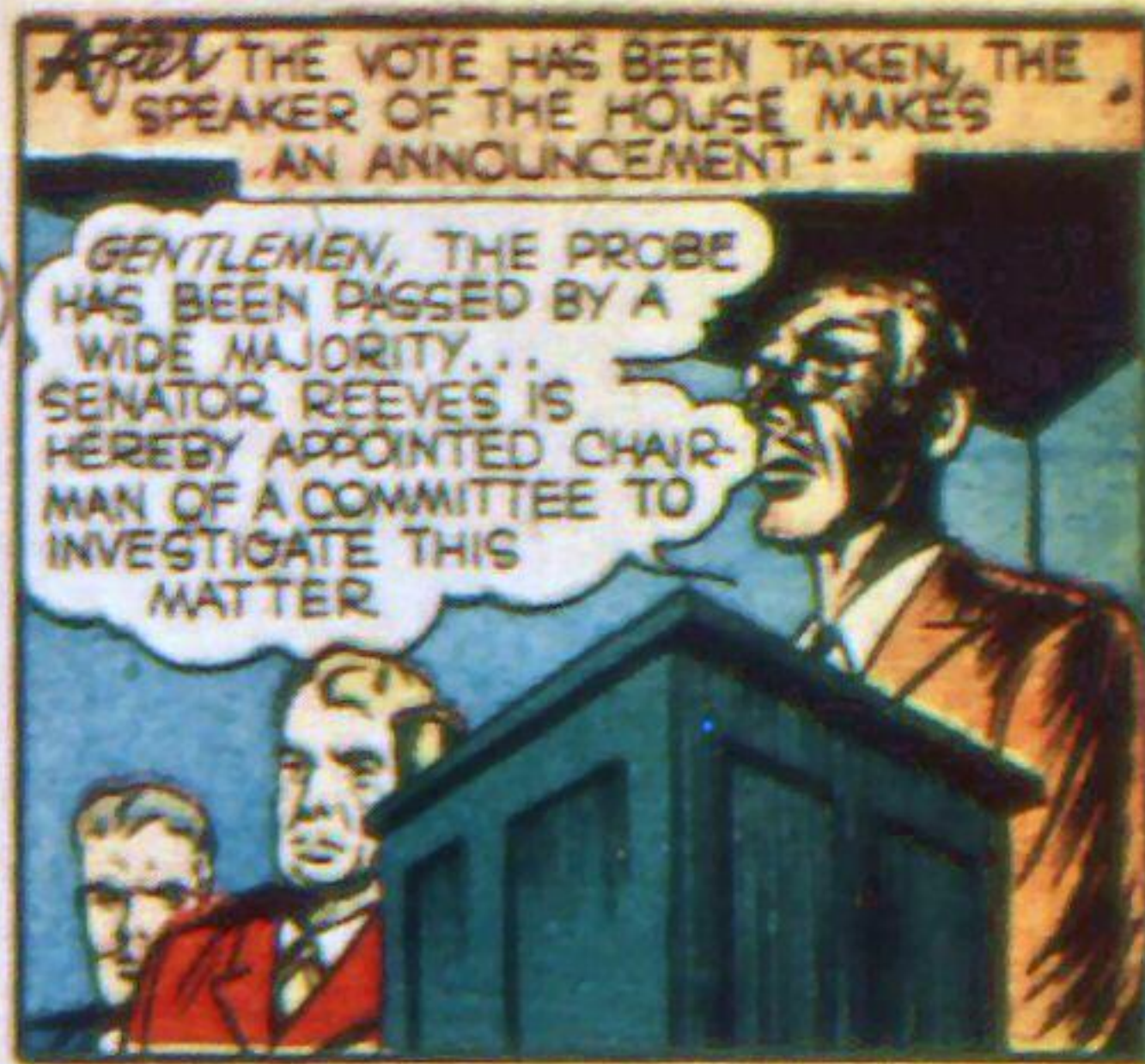
MAYBE YOU'D
RATHER I TIPPED
THE COPS OFF
TO THAT
MURDER YOU
PULLED FIVE
YEARS AGO?

Y-YOU WIN, PAGET-- BUT
I'M NOT TAKING
IT LYING
DOWN!

MEAN-
WHILE,
NEWS
OF THE
TRAGEDY
HITS ALL
THE
FRONT
PAGES

SENATE
INQUIRY IN
SCHOOL FIRE
ENDS TONIGHT

THIRTY HURT IN SCHOOL
FIRE! SCORES SAVED BY
VISION! PROBE
COLLAPSE
OF SCHOOL





SUSPENDED BY A ROPE, PAGET QUICKLY PULLS HIMSELF TO THE ROOF WITH THE VISION CLOSE BEHIND HIM!

WHEN I MADE IT! NOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE VISION!



PAGET FIRES -- AND HIS BULLET WHISTLES VICIOUSLY PAST THE PURSUING VISION!

A GOOD DOSE OF LEAD WILL STOP YOU!

YOU'RE MISTAKEN, PAGET!



NOTHING CAN STOP JUSTICE!



JUST TO GET YOU IN THE RIGHT FRAME OF MIND FOR A CONFESSION!



SHOULD HAVE GOT A PARACHUTE, PAGET!



NOW, MISTER PAGET, I HOPE YOU'RE READY TO REPORT TO THE SENATE COMMITTEE AND TELL THEM WHAT THEY WANT TO KNOW!



PAGET'S CONFESSION RECORDED BY A COMMITTEE SECRETARY AND SIGNED BY THE CULPRIT HIMSELF, THE VISION BIDS FAREWELL TO THE WASHINGTON OFFICIALS, AS HE DISAPPEARS IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE...





The ANGEL

and
the

WEIRD GHOST OF AMBER SWAMPS

by
Paul
Gustavson



CHELLCROFT...STATELY MANSION OF THE MILLIONAIRE C.J. MILLER...LOOKS MAGNIFICENTLY ACROSS ITS GHOSTLY SETTING IN THE GEORGIAN JUNGLE...A FEW YEARS AGO---A CENTER OF SOUTHERN SOCIAL ACTIVITY! TODAY...A DESOLATE MANSION--OCCUPIED ONLY BY C.J. MILLER AND HIS SERVANTS...OVERNIGHT, ITS SPLENDOR HAS TURNED INTO A GAUNT HORROR, AND THE VERY AIR ABOUT IT IS STIRRED BY---THE WEIRD GHOST OF AMBER SWAMPS!

As DARKNESS BLANKETS CHELLCROFT...A TERRIFYING SCREAM BELLONGS FROM ITS HOLLOWNESS...AND OUT OF THE FRONT DOOR RUNS THE AGED BUTLER NORTON---COLD WITH FRIGHT---HIS EYES FILLED WITH HORROR!

BARELY A FEW FEET ACROSS THE STATELY LAWN, NORTON STOPS SUDDENLY...GRASPING AT HIS THROAT...AS IF SOME INVISIBLE BEING HAD CLUTCHED IT!



A MOMENT LATER HE DROPS TO THE GROUND... DEAD... HIS THROAT GASHED HORRIBLY!



I SEE I GOT HERE TOO LATE TO PREVENT A GHASTLY MURDER! WHATEVER IT IS THAT DID IT, IT'S NO GHOST! AND I'LL BE HANGED IF I DON'T GET TO THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS!



WHILE DEATH CLOAKS CHELLY CROFT... A DARING FIGURE STREAKS TO THE SCENE OF HORROR! IT'S THE ANGEL!



AS THE ANGEL BENDS CLOSER TO THE FALLEN NORTON, A GLITTERING OBJECT MISSES HIS HEAD BY A FEW INCHES!



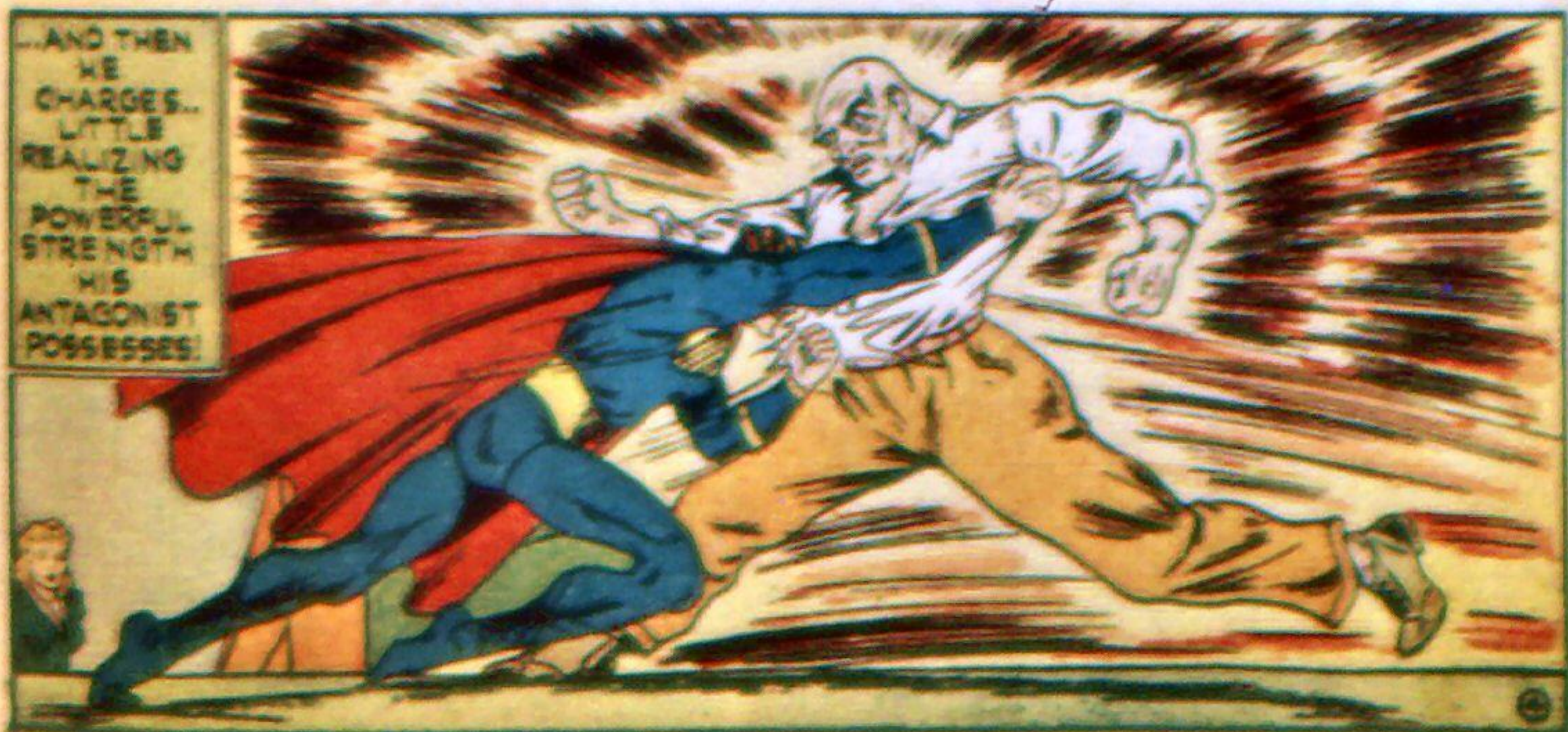
SO... THAT'S THE WEIRD GHOST OF AMBER SWAMPS, EH? GHOST-MY FOOT!



COVERING THE GROUND TO THE HOUSE QUICKLY... THE ANGEL CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF A FIGURE ON THE ROOF OF THE IMPRESSIVE MANSION...







THE ANGEL STRAINS TENSELY TO CLAMP A DEADLY GRIP ON THE BRUTAL FIGURE BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS...



BOY... THIS GUY IS THE STRONGEST I'VE EVER TACKLED!



...BUT... THE ANGEL MAKES A QUICK TURN IN MID-AIR...



LOOKS AS IF WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET... BUD!



There... THE ANGEL'S FOOT SLIPS AND THE TOWERING FIGURE SENDS HIM DOWN TO THE FLOOR BELOW...



...AND LANDS ON HIS FEET IN A SHOWER OF BROKEN MARBLE...

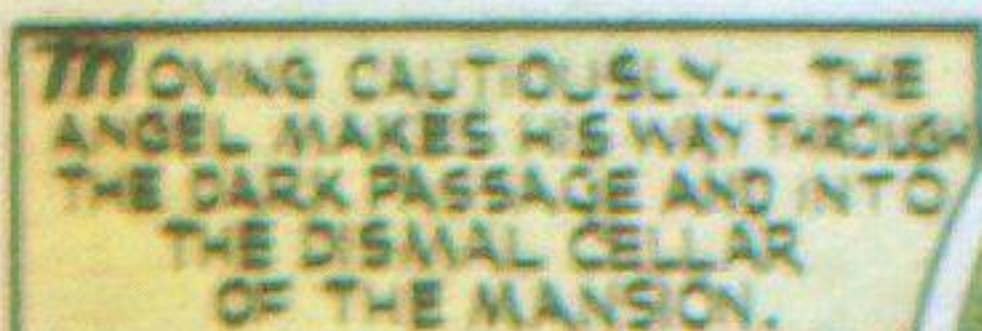
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



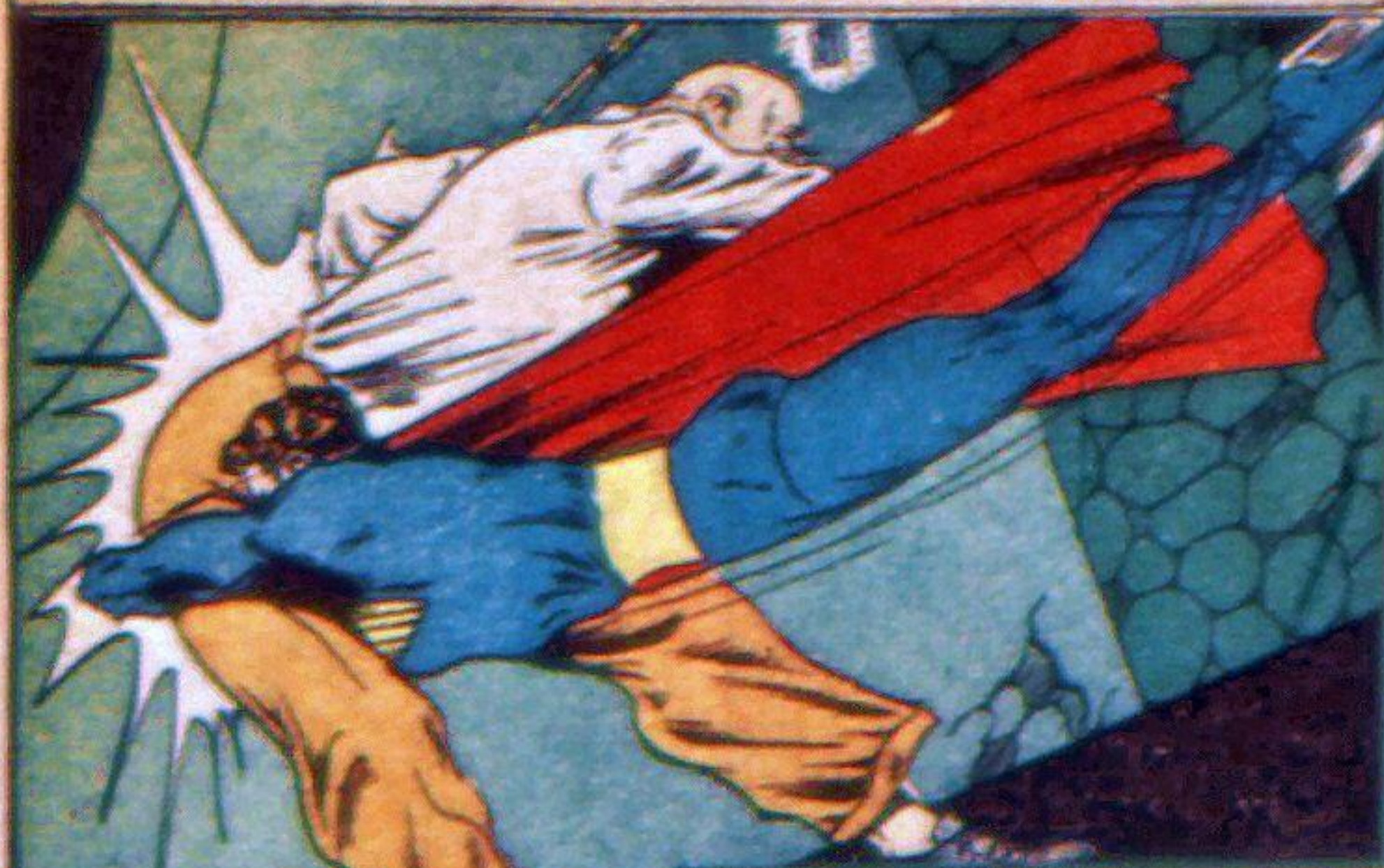
WELL!



THE SUPPOSED GHOST OF AMBER SWAMPS QUICKLY DARTS AROUND THE CORNER AND DISAPPEARS THROUGH A SECRET PANEL... BUT THE GIRL WATCHING HIM... LEARNS WHERE THE SECRET RELEASE IS.



SEEING THE SHADOW IN THE LIGHTED PASSAGE..... THE ANGEL STREAKS OUT WITH DEADLY FURY...



MILLER
YOUR CASTING ISN'T
AS GOOD AS IT USED
TO BE IN YOUR
EARLIER DAYS!

MAYBE THIS WILL
HOLD YOU FOR
A WHILE!



QUITE A CONTRAPTION,
MILLER... OLD RAZOR BLADES
AT THE END OF A FISHING
LINE—AND THIS NEW AUTO-
MATIC REEL IN' DEVICE...
TOO BAD YOU WERE
SO FAMOUS AS A
CASTING EXPERT...
IT GAVE YOU
AWAY!



HE KNOWS
WHO I AM,
ALL RIGHT!

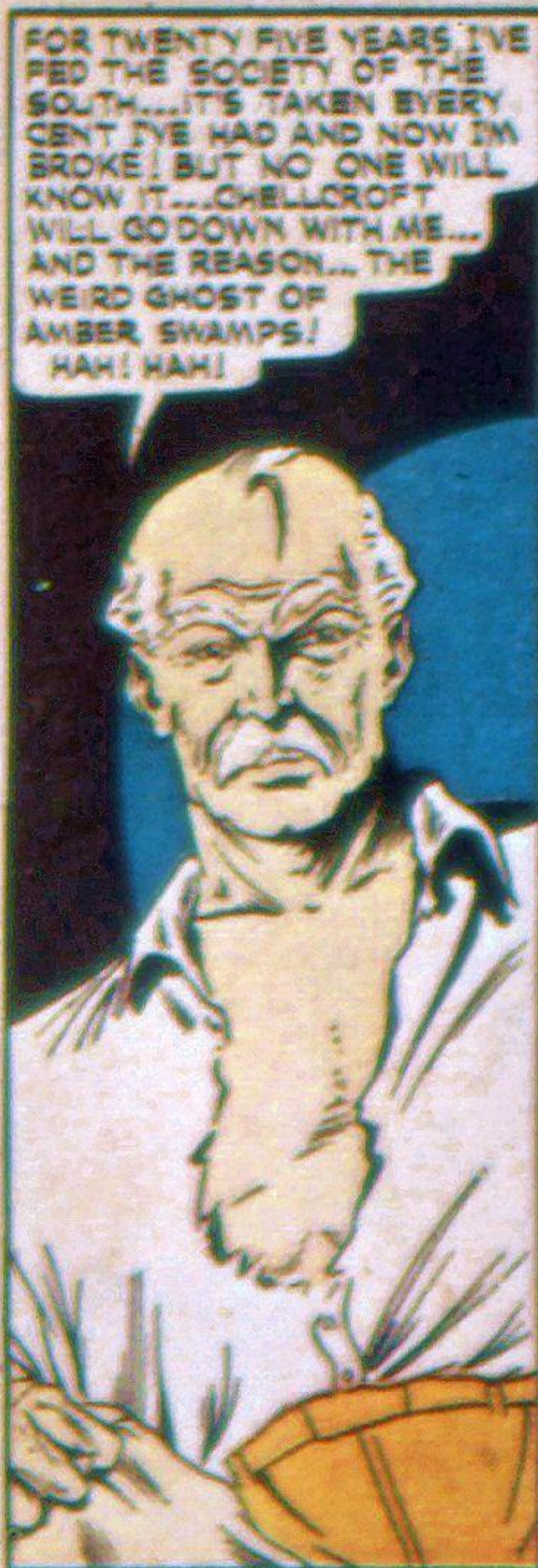
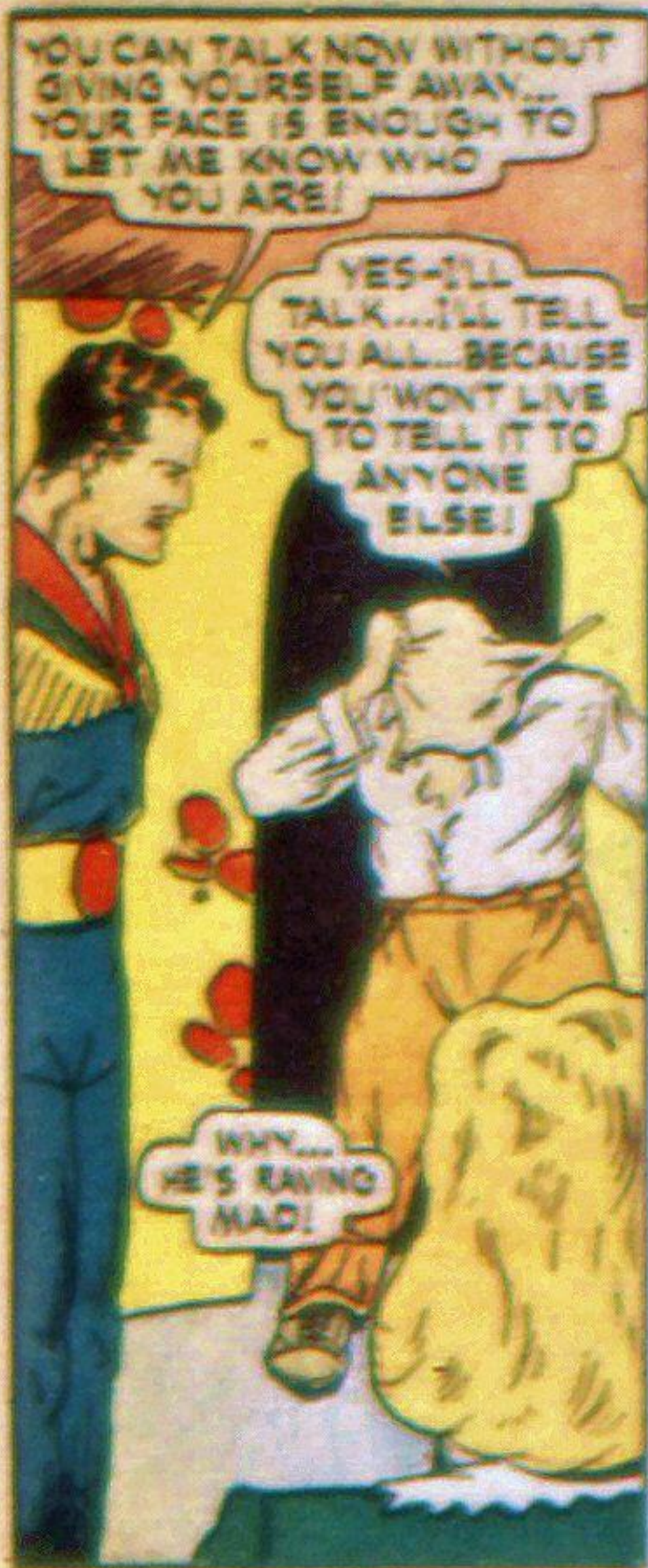
NOW, MILLER... WILL YOU REMOVE
YOUR HAIR-RAISING DISGUISE,
OR SHALL I?



I'VE GOT TO
GET HIM OUT OF
THE WAY!

WITH NO ANSWER FROM THE
GROTESQUE FIGURE... THE
ANGEL CASTS THE DEADLY
RAZOR BLADES... CUTTING
THE MASK OFF MILLER'S FACE





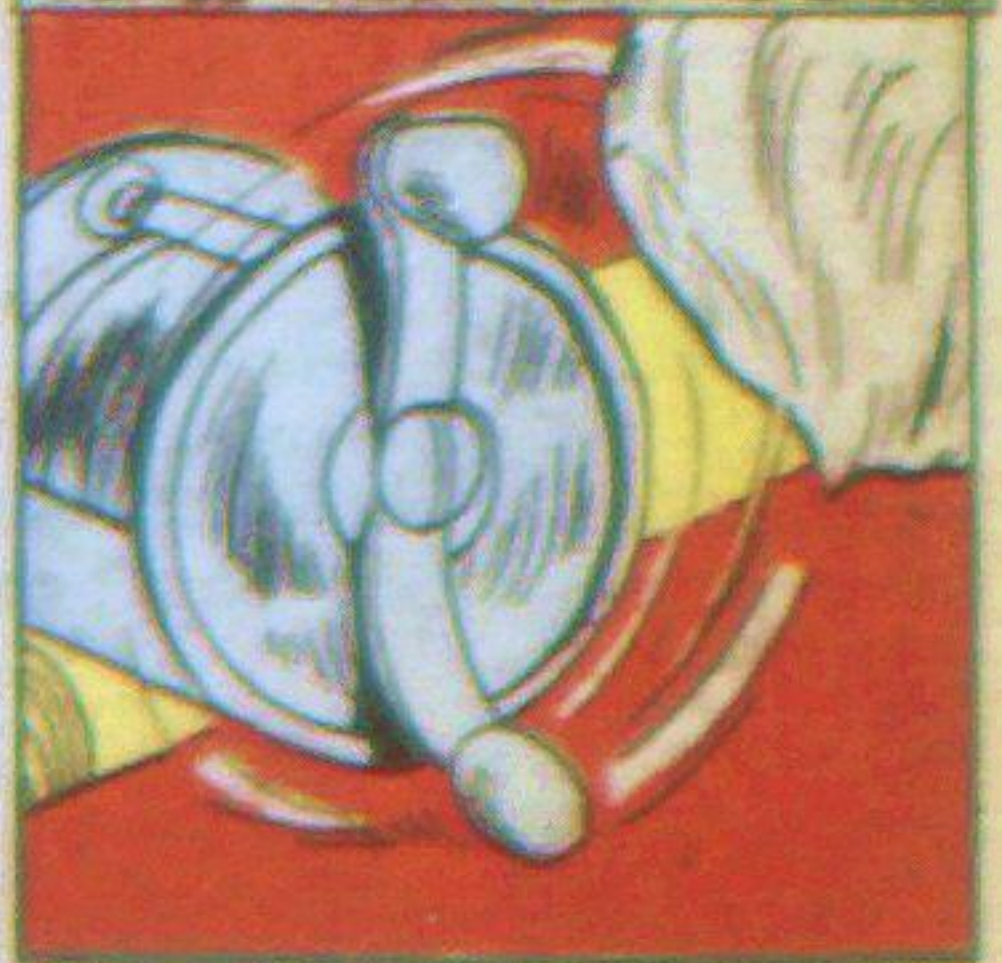
BECOMING MORE INTENSE EVERY MINUTE...THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE TWO POWERFUL MEN RAGES ON IN THE CELLAR OF MILLER'S PALATIAL HOME!



A POWERFUL BLOW SENDS MILLER SPINNING BACKWARDS. HIS HEAD STRIKES THE REEL OF HIS DEADLY WEAPON....



...AND RELEASES THE REEL IN DEVICE-- REELING IN THE LINE.



WHICH SENDS HIS OWN DEADLY RAZOR BLADES STREAKING BACK WITH FATAL EFFECT UPON HIMSELF!



WELL, MILLER...THE GHOST OF AMBER SWAMPS DID GET YOU AS YOU SAID! TOO BAD YOUR WARPED MIND LED YOU TO YOUR CRAZY END, FOR CHELLCROFT AND YOURSELF!

MY! WHAT A GHOST STORY!



and so

THE MAD GHOST
OF AMBER SWAMP
MEETS HIS END -



The **ANGEL**

STILL CARRIES ON
in

NEXT MONTH'S **MARVEL**
Comics

WIN ^{ONE OF THESE} 2 FREE TRIPS TO RED RYDER'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO



210 PRIZES GIVEN!

1st and 2nd PRIZE A Thrilling 2 Weeks' EXPENSES-PAID Trip to Red Ryder Rancho!

These 2 happy Trip Winners will meet at Denver, Colorado, Aug. 16, and under responsible adult supervision, visit Estes National Park, Grand Lake, Pike's Peak, Garden of the Gods. Then cowboy life on the Rancho—a mountain park trip—visit to Old Dwellings, Indian Reservation, etc. SEE Fred Harman actually DRAW his famous Cartoon Strip "RED RYDER" in his mountain studio! What a trip!—What a contest!! Enter!

Shoot a GOLDEN BANNED 1000 SHOT RED RYDER Saddle CARBINE

Enter Daisy's BIG ROOTIN' TOOTIN' SHOOTIN' CONTEST NOW!

5 THIRD PRIZES

Portable HOMERECORDER RADIO PHONOGRAPH RECORDIO JR.

Win one of these beautiful, amazing new RECORDIOS—the WONDER MACHINE of the 20th Century! Carry anywhere. Make home records of your voice, instrument, play back instantly. Use also as radio or phonograph! Makes records of your favorite radio programs! Complete with "winks" & blank recording discs. VALUE each \$13.95



101 FOURTH PRIZES

DAISY TARGETEER PISTOL

Win one of these 101 DAISY Targeteers! Air Pistol Outfits with 100 Targeteers, 100 Target Cards, 1000 Targets. VALUE each \$2.00



100 FIFTH PRIZES

GUN BRACKETS

Win a pair of air rifle wall brackets, wooden cut-outs of Red Ryder's famous horse "THUNDER." VALUE each \$1.00



The Fred Harman Award

FLASH! 1st and 2nd Prize Winners get a PAIR OF HANDMADE COWBOY CHAPS from Fred Harman, Cartoonist, as his PERSONAL GIFT!



RED RYDER CARBINE ONLY \$2.95

WITH 16 INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG

OR ANYONE OF THESE GENUINE DAISYS

Pump Repeater, 20-shot, \$4.50
 Lever-Feed Magazine ... \$4.50

Other Daisies not illustrated: Buck Jones Special, 40-shot outdoor model, \$1.50
 Nickel-plated 100-shot repeater, \$1.50—single shots at \$1 and \$1.30.

ORIGINAL LIGHTNING-LOADER 5750 CARBINE 500-shot

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT—BEST FOR TARGET SHOOTING IN DAISYS, KINGS

CONTEST RULES

1. Each contestant must shoot at least one official target and one unofficial target.

2. In 20 words or less, describe what he wishes to win provided an Official Target.

3. Contest starts May 1, ends July 31. ALL Targets and completed SENTENCES must be received at Daisy Manufacturing Company, Plymouth, Michigan by midnight, July 31, 1947.

4. Any air rifle using 200 grain shot may be used.

5. Contestants may be of any age up to and including 16 years, at start of Contest, May 1, 1947, and must be residents of the Continental United States.

6. Official Targets only may be used and must be properly filed in and signed by an adult witness before being mailed to Daisy. Target will be furnished free of charge to all contestants. If you wish to obtain the Free Official Target, enclose \$1.00 to cover the mailing handling cost of sending Official Target to you.

7. Contestants must submit only one Official 1-Target. They must shoot at each of 10 targets 1 time. Each Target must record a total of 20 shots. If more than 20 shots appear on any one target, the 20 best are used for score. These 20 shots must be shot consecutively, one after the other, in 20 minutes.

8. Standing position without artificial support must be used.

9. Target must be 20 feet away from air rifle muzzle when shooting from Official Range.

10. PRIZES will be awarded on the combined basis of Targets and also entries of thought in finishing the SENTENCE. 1 like to shoot a (Describe) ... in 20 words or less.

11. The Winner of the Judging will be final. Prizes will be awarded in case of tie. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Daisy Manufacturing Company. Get Official Target for complete rules.

ENTER DAISY's "Bull's Eye" Shooting Contest! Shoot now and stand to win! Every day in the U.S.A. has its own contest. In 20 words or less, describe what you wish to win. With one of these 1-Target Cards, 100 Targets, and Free Harman's own "Red Ryder" 1-Target Card, you can win a pair of new prize-winning COWBOY CHAPS or any of the 210 prizes listed below. Shoot now and stand to win! Send your 1-Target Card to: Daisy Manufacturing Company, 887 Union St., Plymouth, Michigan. Enclose \$1.00 to cover the mailing handling cost of sending Official Target to you. If you wish to obtain the Free Official Target, enclose \$1.00 to cover the mailing handling cost of sending Official Target to you.

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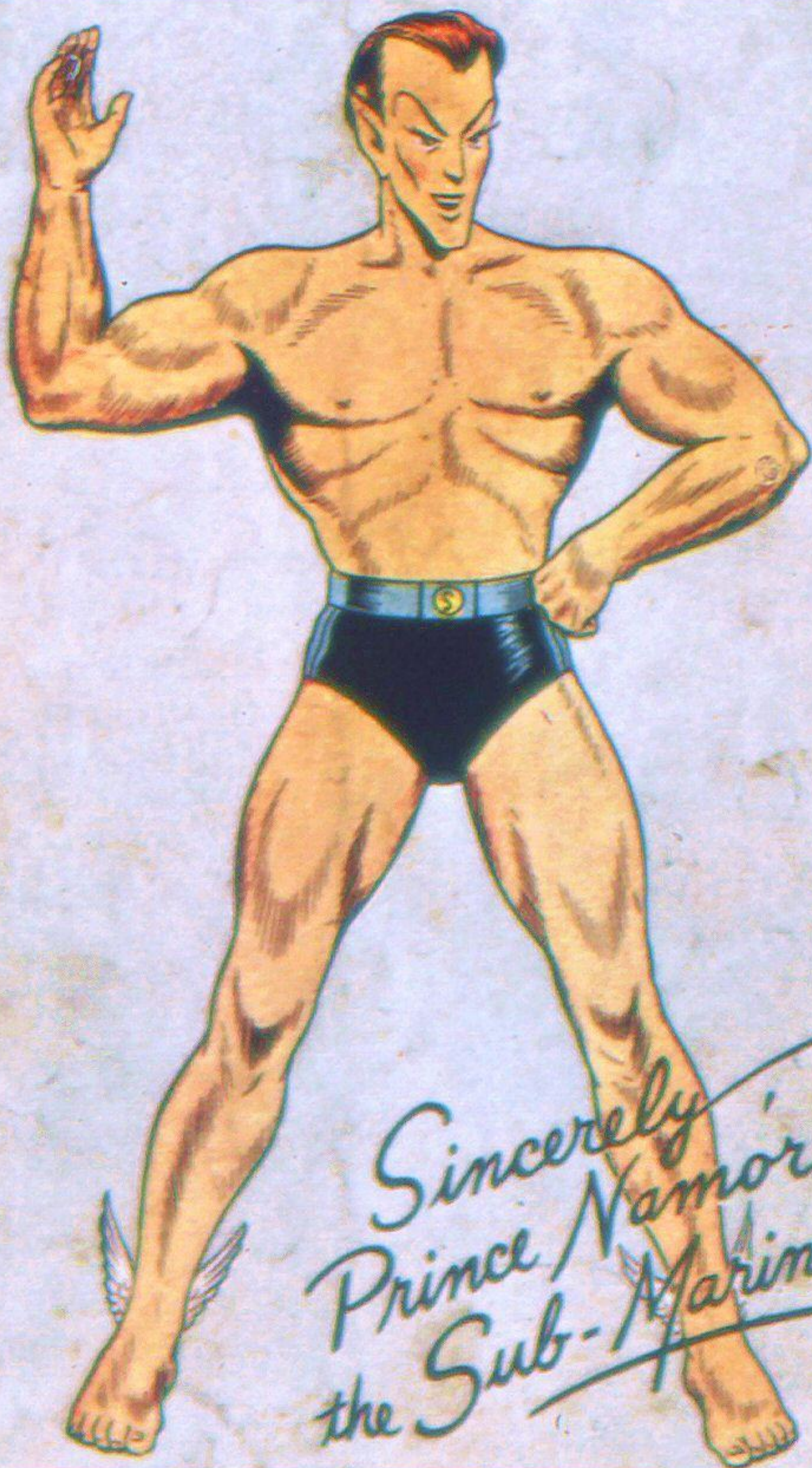
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GET FREE CONTEST TARGET—ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS or Write Us!



DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 887 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.



Sincerely,
Prince Namor
the Sub-Mariner